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DAY-BREAK IN JUNE.

BY WM. H. SIMMONS.

O'ER silent hills and pale blue sky,
Chaste river and its bosomed isle,
Behold. Aurora opes her dewy eye,
And sheds a blushing smile!

All hail, Day's lovely harbinger!
Smit by thy welcome breath and glance,
The verdant world awakes with glorious stir,
From Night's dim, dreamy trance.

Th' horizon and the heavens expand,
As th' Orient brightens momently;
Hill-tops throng up afar o'er all the land—
Beyond them shines the sea!

Sure, Dian is abroad this morn!
And from yon glades, on choral feet,
Her nymphs come trooping gay, with pipe and horn,
By flashing founts to meet!

Breathe, roses, now o'er all the dale!
Warble, each bird, your happiest tune!
Wave bright, ye thousand princely elms, and hail
The risen sun of June!

O'er the wide scene of brimming bliss,
All Nature's incense freshly blending,
Enamored hangs the Morn, in fond surprise,
His golden car suspending.

How maidenly she greets his eye—
The dewy and sweet blooming Earth—
Unworn, unsoiled by time and vanity,
As at her heavenly birth!

Over her chastely reddening tide,
And meads and groves that blush with flowers,
The Titan youth, as on a virgin bride,
His fragrant kisses showers.

All, all below, how heavenly fair!
How softly deep the blue above!
Music and nameless sweets inspire the air,
And all the world is love.

Stand, Sun! and Time, no longer flee!
No happier hour can e'er be born;
Oh, let this moment then eternal be,
And life one summer morn!

For the New Yorker.

A VISIT TO HAWTHORNDEN.

'The Muses haunted the Esk when Drummond sighed at Hawthornden.' *Old writer.*

I HAD accepted the offer of the company of a matter-of-fact fellow Æsculapian to proceed on a botanical expedition—not that I had any peculiar fancy for plucking rhododendrons and marjorams, but the prospect of a fair and leisure day for the expedition, and my own taste, nowise peculiar, for a country roaming, prompted me to accept of this proffer of my brother of the scalpel, who quite kindled, cool as he was, in urging its acceptance; for he had bright visions of classes and orders, digitalis and duckweed, poppy and matricacia, which, already oven-dried, were gracing, in his imagination, the brown paper leaves of his *hortus siccus*. In accordance with these premonitory symptoms, we found ourselves, one fine morning, seated in a car on the Dalkeith railroad;—*I* as usual; my companion presenting a perfect scientific curiosity, though merely, I was assured, a good specimen of a class—the shabby philosophic; more dignified, but no less general, than the shabby genteel. An old brownish black hat, upon which many a successive year had calendared its evidence, darkened his freckled brow and overtopped his bright red locks. An old velveteen, short-skirted box coat, no less venerable than the forementioned antiquated top-piece, with its capacious side-pockets well crammed with their table of contents, or rather contents of the table, gave a dignity to his upper person, such as clothes the sovereignty of the people. Over this coat he had slung, fastened to a leathern strap, his tin botanical box, capacious as a vegetable woman's potato basket, and now, in lieu of the forthcoming harvest of stones and weeds, contained his geological hammers, which kept up a delightful jingle for the benefit of his sleepy neighbor, the sound of which had just saved him from many a threatened projectile, and entitled the philosopher to the thanks of the Benevolent Society. His nether garments showed no disrespect to his uppers, and were humbly consistent with the subordination of their station.

The engines steamed up, and we were off, driving away at the rate of some thirty miles per hour, along the base of Arthur's Seat and St. Leonard's Craig, amid my Lord Abercrombie and his neighbors' cornfields, catching a glimpse, during our rapid transit, of many an object of interest. There were the noble old ruins of Craigmillar, the fine old hall, picturesque cottages, the sea of corn flowing with its golden waves, and the lofty hills lifting their summits in the far-off distance. The small portion of an hour brought us to our stopping-place—the bridge which crosses St. David's brae, some two miles from Dalkeith. So fast had we come, that time hardly had a chance to occur; and as for talking, we had no breath to spare; though the mutterings of my companion—the overflowings of his pregnant fancy—had awakened sweet company for my companionship. "*Ranunculosus bulbosus* Dalkeith, *viola palustris* Hawthornden," muttered he, which gave me the first inkling of my whereabouts, and the delightful pleasure in the prospective. His *flowery* diction had indeed awakened (from such an intent Heaven absolve him, for he was guiltless) two as agreeable companions as one could wish on a summer's day—Rare Ben, and Drummond of Hawthornden. Our sweet, brief converse was too soon disturbed by the sudden, crack-like stoppage of our machine; my companion (for I was ignorant of the localities) forcing me out, in accordance with our projected philosophic tour; they, no doubt, (my poetical companions,) proceeding on to Dalkeith to dine with the Duke. They were not home-set, or else we would not thus have parted company, for their shortest cut would have been by this bridge, the limit of our steam passage. Whiz, whiz, they are off; my companion is hacking at the bridge, and I in vain striving to catch the eye of old Ben as he glided away.

The philosopher's formidable batterings of the bridge brought me to a sense of reality, and I turned my eyes towards him, and obtained, in answer to my supposed scientific scrutiny—"It is pudding stone and grey whacken." After this ebullition of philosophy, the learned gentleman proceeded coolly to load himself with fine specimens, and duplicates for his friends; and then we jogged along—I in some degree of trepidation for the safety of my companion, fearing the Road Commissioners would off with him for purloining the bridge, and he urging most volubly upon me the temporary acceptance of his largest specimen, (generous soul!) enforcing his persuasion by the kind promise of a small and pocketable one on our arrival home. I was proof to his liberality, and we continued our journey—my friend with 'live awake' eyes, observing every thing with strict philosophic stare. No stone was left unturned—no flower permitted to 'waste its sweetness on the desert air;' the box was all-absorbent. Thick-set hedge and five-bar gate presented no obstacles to his research, and were surmounted with the pure, disinterested zeal of a lover of science, much to the sacrifice of his breeches. As we loitered along, we lingered in the sweet village, scanned the lordly mansion, and refreshed our eyes—bent on the picturesque—with the humble dwelling of the poor cotter. Now our attention was excited by the dashing equipage of my Lord and Lady, hastening to relieve the fatigues of a London season in pure, simple country delights; and again the sweet cottage girl, Nature's favorite, attracted our willing notice, with modest simplicity displaying her pretty ankles and full, round, plump legs, as she gathered in her hand her sparce calico gown, prepared to plunge, knee-cap high, into the foaming tub, and effectually tread out of shift and gown last week's dinginess. She returns a saucy "dinna ken" to our inquiries, as if to punish our presumption in venturing to gaze. We dare not bide: the answer and the look forbid further parley. Our inquiry of her less endowed neighbor meets with no rebuff; she curtseys to our question, and points out yonder lofty gate as the entrance to Hawthornden.

My friend's anxiety to cull the meadow violet, and my fondness for the picturesque, hurried our steps and soon brought us to a noble-looking entrance covered over with ivy and woodbine, which hung in luxuriant clusters, giving us a peep here and there of cornice and column. A ring at the porter's bell soon brought to our service a rosy, smiling little damsel, dressed to receive company with her neatly frilled cap, snow-white kerchief and pretty gay colored calico gown. A *douceur* of half a crown purchased every attention, and proved an effective "open sesame," and without more ado we were allowed fairly to enter the precincts of Hawthornden. As we strolled along a neatly gravelled walk, bending here and there, and presenting at every turn some new variety of lawn and tree, a lordly-looking mansion, antiquated and venerable, of the Elizabethan style, a composition of turrets and towers, quaintly carved cornices, and heavy, grim looking architraves, burst upon our view. Could this have been the actual residence of a wooer of the muses? No mere creation of the fancy, was the immediate reflection as I contemplated this noble palace-like mansion. Drummond, thou wast blest beyond thy peers. A poet's residence! Does it not irresistibly awaken visions of a Grub-street attic, some four-story high garret, a domicile sixteen by eight, hall, presence-chamber, bedroom, library, kitchen—all combined with a neck or-nothing, steep, ladder-like approach thereto? But here thou livedst rich and comfortable with a whole house to thyself. Verily, thou wast fortune's favorite.

Our enthusiasm for seeing all that was to be seen, had brought us so close to the mansion that a nearer approach would have forced us to intrude upon the sanctity of privacy, for a lineal descendant of the poet, a dapper, active little attorney, of Edinburgh city, there *squired* it during vacation; and, unfortunately, it was just at our visit when he was playing the country gentleman: so, perforce, much of our anticipated pleasure was destroyed, and an unwelcome necessity compelled us to turn our steps and to roam about the grounds. We would liked to have traversed the old hall—looked into every nook and corner, and examined every relic of the poet.

Hawthornden presents a perfect realization of a poet's fancyings. The hall, "embosed amid ancestral trees," looks down from a rocky, precipitous bank, upon the beautifully winding Esk, gently insinuating its way through lofty elms and ancient oaks; upon caverned woods and lawn-like pastures—groves of cypress and beautiful romantic glens—hazel coppices and close, thick groups of the spreading chestnut. The poet's fancy has peopled these sweet haunts.

"These hillocks Phœbus loves, Ceres these plains
These shades the sylvans: and here Pale's strains
Milk in the pails; the maids which haunt the springs
Dance on these pastures; here Amyntus sings:
Hesperian gardens, Tempe's shades are here."
[Drummond.

These shades and these groves—the river along whose banks we wandered, watching its quiet, gentle flow, had all held sweet communion with Drummond; to these he outpoured the overflowings of heart—he made them companions of his walks.

"To hear my plaints, fair river crystalline,
Thou in a silent slumber seem'st to stay;
Delicious flowers, lilly and columbine,
Ye bow your heads when I my woes display;
Forests in you the myrtle, palm and bay,
Have had compassion, listening to my groans;
The winds with sighs have solemnized my moans
'Mong leaves which whispered what they could not say
The caves, the rocks, the hills, the sylvan's throves,

(As if even pity did in them appear.)
Have, at my sorrow, rent their ruthless stones."

Change has effected but little in those delightful retreats since that "Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade."

The groves amid which we roamed—the glens we traversed—the walks along which, in almost childish gaiety, we wandered, had all re-echoed the pointed converse of Drummond and rare Ben; host and guest of no ordinary, every-day nature. What "feast of reason and flow of soul" was there! No vain babblings; their's were the outpourings of kindred souls; brothers of poesy, there they unburthened their secret feelings and their inmost longings.

Jonson had trudged his weary way on foot to pay the heart-felt tribute of his sympathy to a brother poet, and could the praises of the world, the patronage of the great, or protecton of the powerful compete with this offering of love? There, amid those groves, we delighted to picture him throwing aside the learned dogmatism, scholastic indifference and haughty reserve of his assumed, and yielding to the buoyant gaiety and lightsomeheartedness of his real character. The artificial formality of his manner, gave way to the natural liveliness of his spirit; he asserted no learned dogma to establish his claim to depth of learning; proposed no scholastic argument to display his power of disputation, and assumed no ruggedness of manner to support his individuality; but, sure of the sympathy of Drummond, he opened unto him the storehouse of his inmost thoughts and feelings. The sight of the lodge, the little damsel and the gate, told us of the outside world and destroyed these visions.

It was time to bend our way home; the little damsel closed the gate upon us, and we trudged along the highway to Edinburgh. We should have been satisfied. My friend had plucked the meadow violet, and I had been revelling in the society of poets; but yet, as I turned my back upon those regions blessed by the spirits of Jonson and of Drummond—those delightful spots of quiet and calm repose, I could not welcome the forthcoming realities of the world. Many a day was then pledged to such enjoyment, but Hawthornden remained unvisited. Another visit, perhaps, would have shown nought but brick and mortar houses and neat gravel walks.

SONNET.

WRITTEN DURING THE WARM DAYS IN AUTUMN.

THESE days these balmy days—how soft and strange!
From tropic climes the languid Summer flown,
Awhile with Autumn hand in hand to range,
Lends to free Nature's voice a winning tone,
Fills the rare atmosphere with odors sweet,
And leads me forth in secret woods alone
To view the pressure of her gentle feet,
Making green spots among the withered leaves,
Where the late wild flowers find a safe retreat.
Alas, dear Warmth! my boding spirit grieves
To think how soon thy beauty must depart;
Yet, while thou stayest, I will enjoy thy charms,
And, like a lover, fold thee to my heart,
And sink to sleep in thy caressing arms. P. B.

Collated for the New-Yorker.

GEMS OF POLITICS, FACTS STATED, IPSE DIXITS, SAYINGS AND MAXIMS, WISE AND UNWISE; CONTRADICTIONS, MEMORABILIA, &c.—(*Concluded.*)

58. "Our country is too large to have all its affairs directed by a single government. Public servants at such a distance, and from under the eye of their constituents, must, from the circumstance of distance, be unable to administer and overlook all the details necessary for the good government of the citizens; and the same circumstance, by rendering detection impossible to their constituents, will invite the public agents to corruption, plunder and waste."—*Jefferson's Life*, vol. 3, p. 437.

59. *Idem.*—"The yellow fever will discourage the growth of great cities in our nation, and I view great cities as pestilential to the morals, the health, and the liberties of man."—p. 440.

60. *Idem*—"The constitutional remedy by the elective principle becomes nothing, if it may be smothered by the enormous patronage of the general government."—p. 450.

61. *Idem.*—Soon after entering on the Presidency: "We shall put (the ship) on her republican tack, and she will now show, by the beauty of her motion, the skill of her builders."—p. 454. [!!!]

"I have given (offices) and will give only to republicans, under existing circumstances."—p. 456.

62. *Idem.*—To Thomas Paine: "That you may long live to continue your useful labors, and to reap their reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer."—p. 459.

63. *Idem.*—"To the corruptions of Christianity I am indeed opposed, but not to the genuine precepts of Jesus himself. I am a Christian in the only sense in which he wished any one to be; sincerely attached to his doctrines, in preference to all others; ascribing to himself every *human* excellence, and believing he never claimed any other."—p. 506.

64. *Idem.*—"And the day will come when the mystical generation of Jesus by the Supreme Being as his father, in the womb of a Virgin, will be classed with the fable of the generation of Minerva in the brain of Jupiter."—Vol. 4. p. 365.

65. *Idem.*—"The doctrines (of Jesus) which he really delivered were defective as a whole, and fragments only of what he did deliver have come to us mutilated, misstated, and often unintelligible."—Vol. 3. p. 503.

66. *Idem.*—Speaking of Great Britain and the U. States, he says, "No two countries upon earth have so many points of common interest and friendship; and their rulers must be great bunglers indeed, if, with such dispositions, they break them asunder."—*Letter to Col. Monroe*, May 4, 1806. Vol. 4. p. 51. (See Nos. 28 and 52, supra, and No. 70.)

67. *Idem.*—"In the cases of Callender and others, the judges determined the sedition act was valid under the constitution, but the Executive determined that the sedition act was a nullity under the constitution."—p. 75. [Here is the origin of Gen. Jackson's mode of construing the constitution.] (See No. 90.)

68. *Idem.*—"It is a melancholy truth, that a suppression of the press could not more completely deprive the nation of its benefits, than is done by its abandoned prostitution to falsehood. Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle. I will add, that the man who never looks into a newspaper is better informed than he who reads them, inasmuch as he who knows nothing is nearer to truth than he whose mind is filled with falsehoods and errors. Defamation is becoming a necessary of life."—p. 80, 81.—(See Nos. 26 and 76.)

69. *Idem.*—"The question you propose, whether circumstances do not sometimes occur which make it a duty in officers of high trust to assume authorities beyond the law, is easy of solution in principle, but sometimes embarrassing in practice. A strict observance of the written laws is doubtless *one* of the high duties of a good citizen, but it is not the *highest*"—p. 150. [Here is the origin of many infractions of our constitution by the ruling powers.]

70. *Idem.*—"As for France and England, with all their pre-eminence in science, the one is a den of robbers, and the other of pirates. If science produces no better fruits than tyranny, murder, rapine, and destruction of national morality, I would rather wish our country to be as ignorant, honest and estimable as our neighboring savages are."—p. 169. (See No. 26.)

71. *Idem.*—To Judge Tyler: "I deride with you the ordinary doctrine that we brought with us from England the *common law rights*. The truth is, we brought with us the *rights of men*."—p. 178.

72. *Idem.*—"The same political parties which now agitate the United States, have existed through all time."—p. 202.

73. *Idem.*—To John Adams: "I agree with you that there is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are virtue and talents. This natural aristocracy I consider as the most precious gift of nature for the instruction, the trust and government of society."—p. 227. (See No. 26.)

74. *Idem.*—"We were indeed dissatisfied with him (Washington) on his ratification of the British treaty, but this was short-lived."—p. 237. (See No. 55.)

75. *Idem.*—Writing respecting superficial learning, he says, "They commit their pupils to the theatre of the world with just taste enough of learning to be alienated from industrious pursuits, and not enough to do service in the ranks of science."—p. 243.

76. *Idem.*—"The Murats, the Dantons and Robespierres of Massachusetts are in the same pay, under the same orders, and making the same efforts to anarchize us, that their prototypes in France did there."—Feb. 7, 1815. p. 250. (See No. 68 on slander.)

77. *Idem.*—"I have received the news of our peace, but I consider it an armistice only, because no security is provided against the impressment of our seamen."—p. 252.

78. *Idem.*—"Yet their God (of the Jews) would be deemed a very indifferent man with us; and it was to correct their anamorphesis of the Deity that Jesus preached, as well as to establish the doctrine of a future state."—p. 273.

79. *Idem.*—"The system of banking we have both equally and ever reprobated. I contemplate it as a blot left in all our constitutions, which, if not covered, will end in their destruction." "Funding I consider as limited rightfully to a redemption of the debt within the lives of a majority of the generation contracting it; every generation coming equally, by the laws of the Creator of the world, to the free possession of the earth he made for their subsistence, unincumbered by their predecessors, who, like them, were but tenants for life."—p. 274, 275. "I believe that banking establishments are more dangerous than standing armies."—p. 277. (See No. 53.) [This is a prejudice which still exists, a source of immense evil to commerce. The evil of banking is not in the *use*, but in the *abuse* of the system.]

80. *Idem.*—The author defines a *pure* republic to be a government by its citizens in mass; next to this a government by representatives for short terms: this is the nearest approach to a pure republic which is practicable on a large scale of country or population: then adds, "We have examples of it in some of our state constitutions, which, if not poisoned by priestcraft, would prove its excellence over all mixtures with other elements; and, with only equal doses of poison, would still be the best." [This seems to be aimed at New-England or some one of the Northern States.] "Other shades of republicanism may be found in other forms of government, where the executive, judiciary and legislative functions, and the different branches of the latter are chosen by the people, more or less directly for longer terms of years, or for life, or made hereditary. The farther the departure from direct and constant control by the citizens, the less has the government of the ingredient of republicanism."—p. 274, 275.

"I am a friend to that composition of government which has in it the most of this ingredient, believing that the mass of the citizens is the safest depository of their own rights."—p. 277. [The mass of the people is sometimes wofully wrong.] (See No. 82.)

81. *Idem.*—"To be independent for the comforts of life, we must fabricate them ourselves. We must now place the manufacturer by the side of the agriculturalist."—p. 282. (See No. 8.)

82. *Idem.*—"Governments are republican only in proportion as they embody the will of the people and execute it."—p. 286. (See No. 80.)

83. The author approves the independence of the judges in England, because not removable by an hereditary executive, the branch of government from which most misrule was feared. But in a government founded on the public will, this principle operates in an opposite direction, and against that will.—p. 287-337. (See No. 50.)

84. *Idem.*—"The Judges of Connecticut have been chosen by the people every six months for nearly two centuries, and I believe there has hardly ever been an instance of change, so powerful is the curb of incessant responsibility."—p. 288. [All a mistake. The Judges were *annually* chosen by the Legislature, till the constitution of 1818, which made the Judges of the higher courts to hold their offices during good behavior, removable by impeachment, or by the Governor, on the address of the two houses of the Legislature.]

85. *Idem.*—"I am not among those who fear the people. They, and not the rich, are our dependence for continued freedom."—p. 289.

86. *Idem.*—"Let us (in Virginia) provide in our constitution for its revision at stated periods. What these periods should be, nature herself indicates. By the European tables of mortality, of the adults living at any one moment of time, a majority will be dead in about nineteen years. At the end

of that period then, a new majority is come into place; or in other words, a new generation. Each generation is as independent of the one preceding, as that was of all which had gone before. It has then, like them, a right to choose for itself the form of government it believes most promotive of its own happiness."—p. 291. (See No. 53.)

87. *Idem* —I believe that it (Justice) is instinct and innate; that the moral sense is as much a part of our constitution as that of feeling, seeing or hearing; as a wise Creator must have seen to be necessary in an animal destined to live in society."—p. 297. [What then is the necessity of laws?]

88. *Idem.*—To John Adams: "The result of your fifty or sixty years of religious reading in the four words, 'Be just and good,' is that in which all our inquiries must end; as the riddles of all the priesthoods end in four more, '*Ubi panis, ibi deus.*' "—p. 300.

89. *Idem* —"What need we despair of after the resurrection of Connecticut to light and liberality? I had believed that (to be) the last retreat of monkish darkness and bigotry. I join you, therefore, in sincere congratulations that this den of the priesthood is at length broken up, and that a protestant popedom is no longer to disgrace the American history and character."—p. 301. "Connecticut has chosen a republican Governor and republican Legislature. Massachusetts indeed still lags, because most deeply involved in the parricide crimes and treasons of the war."—p. 303. (See No. 68 on slander.)

90. *Idem.*—Of the revolution in 1800, he writes, "Over the judiciary department, the constitution had deprived them (the people) of their control. That therefore has continued the reprobated system." "Independence can be trusted no where but with the people in mass. They are inherently independent of all but moral law. My construction of the constitution is very different from that you quote. It is that each department is truly independent of the others, and has an equal right to decide for itself what is the meaning of the constitution in the cases submitted to its action."—p. 316, 317. [Mr. Jefferson here mentions several cases in which he had acted on this principle. And here we find President Jackson's authority for interpreting the constitution as *he understood it*, and for the attempt to destroy the independence of the judiciary—the *citadel*, the *last refuge* of civil liberty.] (See No. 67.)

91. *Idem.*—"No government can continue good but under the control of the people; and their people (the Romans in the days of Cairo) were so demoralized and depraved as to be incapable of exercising a wholesome control."—p. 320. [Then what is to be done for government?]

92. *Idem.*—Speaking of Jesus Christ as not an impostor, but a reformer of the Hebrew code of religion, he says, "It is not to be understood that I am with him in all his doctrines. I am a *materialist;* he takes the side of spiritualism: he preaches the efficacy of repentance toward the forgiveness of sins; I require a counterpoise of good works to redeem it, &c. Among the sayings and discourses imputed to him by his biographers, I find many passages of fine imagination, correct morality, and of the most lovely benevolence; and others again of so much ignorance, so much absurdity, so much untruth, charlatanism, and imposture, as to pronounce it impossible that such contradictions should have proceeded from the same being."—p. 321. (See No. 25.)

93. In a letter to William Short, he predicts a separation of the States by the Potomac, Ohio, and Missouri, or Mississippi; and in a letter to John Holmes, he regrets that he was to die in the belief that the useless sacrifice of themselves by the generation of 1776, to acquire self-government and happiness to their country, was to be thrown away by the unwise and unworthy passions of their sons. His only consolation was that he should not live to weep over it."—p. 323, 324.

94. *Idem.*—"The doctrines of Jesus are simple, and tend all to the happiness of man.

1. That there is one only God, and he is all perfect.

2. That there is a future state of rewards and punishments.

3. That to love God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself, is the sum of religion. These are the great points on which he endeavored to reform the religion of the Jews. But compare with these the demoralising dogmas of Calvin:

1. That there are three Gods.

2. That good works, or the love of our neighbor, are nothing.

3. That faith is every thing, and the more incomprehensible the proposition, the more merit in its faith.

4. That reason in religion is of unlawful use.

5. That God, from the beginning, elected certain individuals to be saved, and certain others to be damned; and that no crimes of the former can damn them, no virtues of the latter save." p. 349.

95. *Idem.*—"The article of discipline is the most difficult in American education. Premature ideas of independence, too little repressed by parents, beget a spirit of insubordination, which is the great obstacle to science with us, and a principal cause of its decay since the revolution. I look to it with dismay in our institutions, as a breaker ahead, which I am far from being confident we shall be able to weather." p. 359. [Truth, verified.]

96. *Idem.*—"A first attempt to recover the right of self-government may fail, but the attempt will ultimately succeed. You and I shall look down from another world on these glorious achievements to man, which will add to the joys even of heaven.—*Letter to John Adams*, p. 378, 379. (See No. 98.)

97. *Idem.*—"I have learned to be less confident in the conclusions of human *reason*, and give more credit to the honesty of contrary opinions."—p. 391. "A government held together by the bands of *reason* only, requires much compromise of opinion."—p. 392. [Under the discipline of experience, and the instructions of age, men often grow wiser; but this wisdom often comes too late.]

98. *Idem.*—To Major Cartwright: "Your age of eighty-four and mine of eighty-one insure us a speedy meeting. We may then commune at leisure more fully on the good and evil which, in the course of our long lives, we have both witnessed."—p. 398. (See No. 96.)

99. *Idem.*—"General Washington was himself sincerely a friend to the republican principles of our constitution. His faith, perhaps, in its duration might not have been as confident as mine. But he repeatedly declared to me that he was determined it should have a fair chance for success, and that he would lose the last drop of his blood in its support, against any attempt which might be made to change it from its republican form.

"Hamilton frankly avowed that he considered the British constitution, with all the corruptions of its administration, as the most perfect model of government which had ever been devised by the wit of man; professing, at the same time, that the spirit of this country was so fundamentally republican, that it would be visionary to think of introducing monarchy here, and that, therefore, it was the duty of its administration to conduct it on the principles their constituents had elected." p. 406, 407.

100. *Idem.*—"Hamilton's financial system had then passed. It had two objects: 1. As a puzzle to exclude popular understanding and inquiry. 2. As a machine for the corruption of the Legislature."—p. 446. "The more debt Hamilton could rake up, the more plunder for his mercenaries."—p. 447. (See No. 68 on slander.)

101. *Idem.*—"The latter (federalists) being monarchists in principle, adhered to Hamilton, of course." "But Hamilton was not only a monarchist, but for a monarchy bottomed on corruption."—p. 449, 450.

He describes Hamilton as "of acute understanding, disinterested, honest and honorable in all private transactions, amicable in society, and duly valuing virtue in private life; yet so bewitched and perverted by the British example, as to be under thorough conviction that corruption was essential to the government of a nation."—p. 451. [An abominable perversion of Hamilton's opinions.]

Ames.—"Competence is essential to liberty; great wealth is slavery. The over-rich pilgrim must travel through life with a pack on his back."

"The government is republican; opinion is essentially democratic. Either events will raise public opinion high enough to support our government, or public opinion will pull down the government to its own level."—*Letters to O. Wolcott.*

Madison.—"The instability, injustice and confusion introduced into the public councils have, in truth, been the mortal diseases under which popular governments have every where perished." After mentioning valuable improvements in the American constitutions, he adds, "Complaints are every where heard that our governments are too unstable; that the public good is disregarded in the conflicts of rival parties; and that measures are too often decided, not according to the rules of justice and the rights of the minor party, but by the superior force of an interested and overbearing majority.—Enlightened statesmen will not always be at the helm. In the extent and proper structure of the Union, we behold a republican remedy for the diseases most incident to a republican government. And according to the degree of pleasure and pride we feel in being republicans, ought to be our zeal in cherishing the spirit and supporting the character of federalists."—*Federalist*, No. 10.

The mortal diseases we feel; the remedies are yet to come.

From the New-York Express.

OUR COPY-RIGHT LAW.

ITS EFFECTS UPON OUR MEN OF TALENT AND EDUCATION.

The discussions heretofore held upon the subject of an international copy-right law, have generally turned upon the effects of a *change* in our legislation, and the *results* which would spring from the policy proposed. In the consideration of *anticipated* benefits, or injuries, the working of our present system has been but partially considered, or presented in such a light as to afford any thing else than a fair view of our present situation. It will be the endeavor of this and the two succeeding essays, to give such an idea of its present operation, as shall convince any unprejudiced person, that if the proposed change be not the very best possible, some modification, at least, of this law is demanded by the interests of large and now oppressed classes.

In most of the States, which compose our Union, the education of the people is provided for by law. This education, it is true, is merely elementary, and may be considered rather as an opening of the gates of knowledge than as an introduction within its halls. Our common schools indeed furnish but the *means* of knowledge; they hardly supply any considerable portion of *knowledge itself*. But the Academies and Colleges scattered over our land go further. And the thousands of graduates, whom they annually send forth, have made no inconsiderable advances on the road to science. We claim not for them an equal degree of proficiency with the scholars of European Universities; but their reason has been exercised, their taste informed, and their habits of study confirmed. Should any inducements from without present themselves, they are sufficiently advanced, to prepare themselves, either for the contests of literature, or the competitions of science.

The hopes of fame and the more laudable incitements of duty, have an equal influence upon our citizens, as upon the people of other countries; they have as extended and intelligent an audience to address, and subjects of as important and elevated a character solicit their attention. The physical features too of our country present every variety, which can excite and refine the taste and imagination, while our political institutions invite a freedom and latitude of inquiry, unknown to other countries.—How happens it then, that our literature is so depressed? So different from what (judging from our opportunities) it should have been? So utterly unworthy of our advances in the more practical arts of civilization? Has the human mind (as has been asserted) here degenerated? Have we, while we have preserved the form and feature of our European ancestors, lost their intellectual vigor? We need not reply to questions so insulting. We can point to our political institutions, to our commercial enterprise, to our cultivation of the arts, and to our triumphs in every department of human exertion, save literature alone. Are we to ascribe our want of success to the claims, made by our situation, upon the time and physical energies of our people? Such an explanation would be hardly sufficient. Great as may be the toils required of us to prepare our land for the reception of the mighty people, who are to inherit it; they are not, and they never can be, so unremitting, as to leave no time, or even insufficient time for the cultivation of literature. We have time to gorge ourselves to repletion upon the trash which Europe rejects, and yet we have no time for the production of a manly, a free and a republican literature! There is no want, but rather an excess of intellectual activity among us; we believe that activity to be surpassed by no nation on earth. The number of our newspapers, of our magazines, and of our periodicals, of one sort or another, prove it beyond all possibility of denial. It may be said that we are more solicitous about the quantity than the quality of our intellectual food. Granted,—and what does the fact prove, but a misdirection of the public mind? a misdirection, the cause of which it is vain to seek for in the nature of our public institutions, in our want of overgrown libraries, in our habits of business, or in the intellectual inferiority of our citizens. The evil must be sought for in our laws, professedly enacted for the *encouragement* of literature!—Those laws, which have been suspended like a mill-stone about the neck of our literature, have weighed

her down into the mire, when but for this impediment, she would have floated gracefully upon the surface of the clear waters. "Assertion, mere assertion," cries the grasping bibliopole, who has just put to press Marryatt's latest, or who is anxiously waiting the arrival of some novelty from across the Atlantic. The depression of American literature appears, from our unvarying experience of the fact, like some constant law of nature, any attempt for the alteration of which seems to involve a degree of presumption totally unheard of. Why should we be dependant on Europe, rather than Europe upon us? Simply because our laws make it the interest of those who cater for us, that we should rather pillage from her than set ourselves honestly to work to supply our wants, because talent and industry are repelled from the attempt by an unwise and cruel legislation; and because that which in other countries is an aid and resource to struggling merit, is here wantonly and unnecessarily withheld.

That there is a vast amount of high and cultivated intellect in this country withheld from the pursuits of literature, is a fact so evident, that an offer of proof appears almost superfluous. We confidently appeal in confirmation of our assertion to the talent that illustrates our Senate, the ability that adorns our bar, and the eloquence that graces our pulpits. We point to the articles that enrich our periodicals, to the talent and research expended upon subjects of a merely local and ephemeral character, and to the exquisite poetic morceaus, which are found so often scattered through our newspapers. To the objection, that our statesmen and professional men are too busily engaged to add to the stores of our national literature, we can but reply, that it has not been found so in other countries. Examine the literature of France, or of England; what proportion has been contributed by men actively engaged in the business of life! Some of its most distinguished contributors, at the present hour, are of the classes we have named. As for our magazine writers, our essayists, and our occasional poets; they are to be considered as rather indicating a willingness to contribute, than as having entered seriously upon the service. But our law of copy-right, and the inducements held out by it, to scarcely any thing but the republication of foreign works, soon repress the energy of the young aspirant. He is compelled, from the hopelessness of the effort, to apply himself to some distasteful pursuit, in which, from the constraint put upon his inclinations, the chances are against his success.

It is the height of unfairness, to compare the articles in our periodicals with the highly finished productions, to be found in the same class of European publications. They are to be treated as the happy efforts of some idle hour, or of moments stolen from more urgent employments, indicative of talent indeed, but not talent subjected to the discipline of severe and careful revision. If they are inferior to the contributions of foreign periodicals, the fact is easily accounted for. The contributions to foreign periodicals are from those who have devoted themselves to the profession of literature, and they are *works of art*; ours, but *attempts* made by those, who under a more favorable state of things, *would have applied* themselves to literature.

The already established fame of some few of our writers may enable them to compete to a partial extent with transatlantic authors, but at what a sacrifice was that fame originally secured? Was it not most probably by a pecuniary sacrifice of the profits of their first and perhaps most labored production? Our publishers may be willing enough to purchase the Cooper, Irving, or any other distinguished American author—they have passed the ordeal, and their fame is already established. Yet where is the reason, or justice, that others should be compelled to undergo the hardships which they have painfully struggled through? There is no principle of equity, or policy which demands, that difficulties should be placed in the way of the young author, and that too particularly at a season when he most needs encouragement and aid. Such legislation is as unfeeling towards the individual, as it is detrimental to the community.

In this view of the question, we would appeal to the large and respectable body of educated and intelligent young men, who are found scattered over our extended country. We would ask them, are you prepared to stand by in silence, and unresistingly submit to such a state of things? Are you contented that a means of honor and emolument, to which you are fairly entitled, shall be withheld from you? Are you unwilling to make those efforts, which the importance of the occasion demands? Will you not assist in building up an American Literature?—in raising up a class of American writers, who by their numbers, their industry and their talents, may advocate the cause of liberty and knowledge and add to the glory and the influence of their native land? Shall the indifference which has so long prevailed among you upon this subject, for ever continue? Shall it not rather be succeeded by an inquiry into the policy which has established, and the interest which now sustains this law?

AN AMERICAN.

The following lines were copied from the back of a ten dollar bill:

Farewell my note! and wheresoe'er you wend,
Shun gaudy scenes, and be the poor man's friend;
You've left a poor one—go to one as poor,
And drive despair and hunger from his door!

For the New-Yorker.

HOPE AND LOVE.

'Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine?
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom.'—*Byron.*

HOPE would once a banker be;
So on a time she built
A fairy fabric, and hung out
Her anchor richly gilt:
Beside the door wild roses sprung,
And blue-eyed violets smiled,
And o'er the curtained casement hung
The honey-suckle wild.

Landscapes were pictured on the walls,
Half real, half divine,
Sky-piercing domes, and vistas green,
And scenes of song and wine;
A glorious sea upon whose breast
The magic moonlight fell;
A warrior with a gallant crest
And helmet buckled well;

A good man on his dying bed,
With mourners round him weeping;
A star just o'er the mountains
In thoughtful beauty peeping:—
These all were pictured well and true
By artist Fancy's skill;
But Hope, when Fancy's task was through,
Had made them lovelier still.

Young Memory, with his spangled robe,
And soft blue laughing eye,
Stood humming by the door one day
When Love chanced passing by:
Said Love to Memory, "I hear
That Hope has just began
To try to be ('tis rather queer)
A banker—if she can.

Then Memory caught a humming-bird
That buzz'd around the door,
And pluck'd a flower or two, and sighed
"I've heard of that before:
She built these walls, she reared these flowers,
She hung that anchor there;
But oh, give me our olden bowers,
And their romantic air."

Love smiled, and raised his bright dark eyes,
And saw the anchor swinging,
And listen'd to the humming-birds
Around the flowerets winging—
And said, "I'm rather sad to-day,
Yet sad because I'm poor,
And poor because I lose my way
When I've no cynosure."

"Poor boy!" quoth artless Memory,
"Heaven knows I pity thee!
Such lovely wanderers as you
Must always sufferers be."
Just then Hope pass'd the casement,
With meek yet regal air,
On Love an angel's look she bent,
And 'waved her golden hair.'

Love stopp'd to think no more than once,
But kiss'd his hand and smiled,
And bounded through the corridor
With footstep light and wild;
And said, "Kind Hope, thou'lt pity me,
For I am sad and poor;
Oh, would that thou could'st ever be
My own bright cynosure."

He told sad tales of Death and Time,
And cold Adversity,
Which cannot well by man be sung,
Or told as they should be:
His smiles grew faint, his voice grew weak,
A tear coursed from his eye,
But kind Hope kiss'd it from his cheek
Ere it had time to dry.

Then eagerly with jewelled hand
She grasped a golden pen,
And put the bright locks from her brow,
And Love was calm again;
She sat before her escrutoire,
Shading her large dark eyes;
She wrote whilst Love sat peeping o'er—
She smiled, Love look'd so wise.

Love took the draft and tried to read—
Hope watch'd him through her fingers:
"When soft winds blow"—so ran the lines—
And Spring's rich fragrance lingers
Among thy graceful laurel bowers,
Oh, sweet Futurity!
Please pay this draft in stars and flowers,
And charge the same to me."

"I bless thee heaven-born Hope," said Love,
When he had read it through,
"But flowers may die, and stars may set
While skies are soft and blue;
And I may meet the outlaw Woe,
With all his cruel gang,
And wander sad at heart and slow
Where I'd have danced and sang."

"Then ask a boon of Memory,"
Said Hope with cunning smile,
"And read the stern philosophy
Of Fortitude awhile;
And learn of Wisdom lessons deep,
Nor let their influence die;
Then shalt thou smile while others weep,
And sing while others sigh."

Love bowed to Hope—young Memory gave
In turn his farewell token
Of years when Life's champagne was bright,
And the bumper was unbroken;
And Love passed on, but what reck'd he
Of Wisdom's golden towers?
The air was full of melody,
The bees were in the flowers.

He little dreamed that lovely Hope
Was vain as beautiful,
Or that the flowers she gave him
Were reared in climes of *Gul*:
But well I ween he found it true,
When spoke Futurity—
"Young Love, there is no funds for you,
Nor is there like to be."

She shut the ponderous ledger
With stern and solemn air,
And called to Fate with iron voice,
To seal the record there.
—What followed, those must feel to know,
Who, like fool-hardy Love,
Toil zealously for things below,
But not for things above. GANYMEDE.

THE STRANGER I MET AT MY CLUB.

A TALE OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

AT the club of which I am a member, 'The White Chapel Athenæum,' we were allowed to bring strangers with us to dinner—a very great convenience, every one must allow, to our friends. I live in that neighborhood; I am not ashamed to confess it. In fact, I have been so long in business, and have seen such a variety of things in my life, that I am too old to be ashamed of anything. At any rate, I am above the paltry affectation of many of my neighbors, who consider it something mighty ungenteel to remain in town at this season of the year, and give out to all their friends that they are gone to Margate or Gravesend, when I know for a certainty that they have never budged from their own homes. One of them—I don't choose to mention names—a dry-salter by trade, a leading member of our club—in fact, the only one who endeavored to exclude me when I was a candidate for admission, put a ticket in his window with 'Gone to Brighton for the season,' written on it; when, I declare, I have seen him almost every day slinking through by-lanes and alleys into his back shop. All this, I say, I am above. I stay in town the whole year round, and dine at my club every day. The club, however, it must be confessed, has a very desolate appearance all August and September: piles of uncut newspapers blocking up every table, windows badly cleaned, floors scarcely sanded above once a week, and if by chance a member does come in, he looks as if he were detected in a forgery. The steward of the club has gone on leave of absence; the butler is never to be found; dear me! the very waiters seem asleep, and you have to wait at least half an hour for your pint of wine. However, in spite of all these inconveniences, it is better to dine there than at a chop-house; and, accordingly, every day, summer and winter, punctually at five o'clock, I take my seat at the little square table, up at the middle window, looking directly opposite into the London Hospital.

One day last week I had dined—mutton chop, I remember, and pot of porter—and was picking my teeth very lei-

surely to give William time to get me my pint of Sherry, when my attention was called to the other end of the room, by a gentleman making a speech. He was a stranger; a stout man, about my own age—fifty or thereabouts—and he had been brought in by a friend, a member of the club with whom I am not acquainted. They had dined together very quietly—cold beef and pickles, William said, exactly at three—and, in fact, so little noise had they made, that I was not aware of their presence in the room. All of a sudden I heard a speech proceeding with the most amazing volubility. I was so far off that I could not catch a word of it, but I perceived from the gestures he made use of, and the risings and fallings of his voice, that he was an accomplished orator. His whole audience was his friend—a mercer from Cornhill—a very quiet, respectable man, who certainly looked amazed at the performance. It lasted, I should think, twenty minutes; at the end of which time the gentleman sat down and knocked very loudly with both hands on the table, and kicked with all his might upon the floor. Shortly after that he volunteered a song; 'twas "Will Watch the bold Smuggler," and very well he sang it, bestowing at the end the same hearty marks of approbation on it that he had formerly done on the speech.

My wine was now put before me, and I placed my toothpick in my pocket. Before I had finished one half of the decanter—I drank very slowly—the mercer from Cornhill slipped off, and I thought I perceived, by the doggedly, determined manner with which he fixed his hat on his head, that he had no intention of returning. The stranger waited very patiently for some time, but at last, looking all round and seeing no one but me, he carried his decanter—I declare to Heaven it was entirely empty—up to the table I was sitting at, and making me a very polite bow, proposed, as we were both enjoying our wine, that we should do so in company.

"Company, my dear sir," he continued, drawing his chair and filling up his glass out of my decanter: "company, sir, is indispensable to me. 'Tis even recommended for my health."

"Indeed, sir," I said, keeping a firm hold of my wine, for he had finished his glass in a moment, and looked very dangerously at the decanter again.

"Yes, sir; I am liable to low spirits. I have such a lot of sensibility; 'tis quite distressing to see me sometimes. Nice club this is."

"Very——"

"I think of belonging to it myself. 'Twill be a charming resource against the agonies of recollection, the woes of memory, and the grief of a too sensible, too sympathizing heart. You don't help yourself to wine."

"I have had enough, sir," I said, as repulsively as I could.

"Nonsense! Enough? why you've had nothing. Let me help you."—So saying, he fairly got possession of my pint decanter, and divided the contents of it equally between us.

"This is the fine, free and easy way I like to see things carried on in clubs. What are clubs? Confraternities of congenial souls. If I belonged to a club, there is not a member in all whose woes I would not have a share."

"And in his bottle, too," I said with a sneer.

"Good! good! Well, that does deserve something.—Waiter, a bottle of port. Ah, sir! how charming it is to meet with a good humored, pleasant, agreeable, witty companion, such as you! 'Twas a capital hit about the bottle—I took it at once."

"So I saw, sir. You took every drop of it."

"Good again! Waiter, why the devil don't you bring that bottle of port? Alas! sir, you must excuse me. I am dreadfully subject to low spirits. But, thank Heaven, here comes William with the wine."

He poured out a glass, and, after looking at it for some time, swallowed it off in a twinkling.

"Medicine, sir—purely as medicine I drink it. It enables me to bear up. I should die without it—unnui—blue devils—hypochondriasis——"

"And thirst, sir!" I said; but somehow the extraordinary familiarity of the man's manner disarmed my dislike, and I filled up my glass and accompanied my observation with a smile.

"Capital again! You have said three very witty things. I declare to Heaven, sir, I am ashamed of myself, but I can't laugh. No, sir; the effort would choke me. I have one fatal remembrance, one sorrow, but you know the lines——"

"Indeed, sir?" I asked inquiringly.

"True, I have thought of suicide, but 'tis so common, 'tis become vulgar: my shoemaker cut his throat last week. I will tell you my story, sir; after that, judge if I have no cause for regret."

"Happy to hear it, sir."

The stranger drew his chair more confidentially close to the table, filled up our glasses, and then said—

"Do you know the Isle of Wight, sir?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear of old Sniggs, of Waterlane?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear of Captain Hoskins, of Harridon Lodge?"

"No."

"Good Heavens! what a man you must be! The Isle of Wight is the loveliest place in the world, sir. All the Undercliff is a slice out of Eden; hundreds of people go there every year, pretending to be in bad health—'tis only to enjoy the scenery and eat prawns. Dr. Clarke calls it the British Madeira; 'tis the only home-brewed I ever heard of which is better than the original. Ah! 'tis indeed, a charming spot, and five-and-twenty years ago 'twas still more beautiful than now. I was young then; thin, elegant, genteel; grief had not swelled me; nor tears reddened the point of my nose. And then old Sniggs—you never heard of old Sniggs?"

"No, sir; never."

"Curious,—a d—d old hunks as ever was, but such a sweet creature his daughter! Ah, Julia! How playful she used to be at church. We always flirted immensely all the time of the psalms. And Hoskins—never heard of Hoskins?"

"Never."

"Odd again;—a dog, sir. A handsome, laughing, jolly, swearing, whiskered, infernal fellow, sir. He was six feet two—without a shilling—he had spent two fortunes—and, as bad luck would have it, went down to the Isle of Wight."

"To eat prawns, sir?"

"No, to catch gudgeons, sir. He caught *me*, the rascal! That's my story, sir."

"What is, sir? I have heard no story yet."

"No! How slow you must be. Don't you see it all? But I'll tell you it, sir, word for word. Pray, sir, do you ever lend money to a friend?"

This was too much, and I determined to stop the man's impertinence at once. The idea of asking me for a loan after ten minutes' acquaintance! I could not help thinking he was a swindler.

"No, sir," I said; "I would not lend a shilling to the dearest friend I have in the world—no, not to keep him from starving; and as to trusting a stranger with a sixpence, sir, I should consider he was insulting me if he hinted at such a thing."

"Give me your hand," exclaimed the stranger, "give me your hand. I am proud to have met you; you will be a happy man all your days; you are a gentleman—a wise man. Would to Heaven I had always thought as you do! Ah! sir, you shall hear: Old Sniggs was worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds—Julia his only child. I, sir, lived next door to them in Finsbury Square, and flirted with the daughter every Sunday at church. Could any thing be more agreeable? Yet, somehow or other, we never could scrape up an acquaintance. A she dragon, in the shape of an old house-keeper, always guarded that fairest of Hesperian apples—plums, I should say, for you perceive she was heiress to a plum and a half—and nothing I could do could get the better of her vigilance. I worried, and teazed, and fretted myself to such a degree, that I nearly tormented myself into a consumption. Change of scene—mild air, were recommended to me by the faculty, and I set off by the Portsmouth coach for the village of Steephill, at the back of the Isle of Wight. I got a charming bedroom and parlor at a farmer's cottage; oh, 'twas Paradise! and the hostess made the most delicious hams in the world. Every morning at breakfast I had magnificent slices, sometimes hot, sometimes cold; exquisite prawns, with an occasional lobster. My health grew gradually better, but I still mused a good deal about Julia. Even then, sir, solitude was my aversion, and you may guess my gratification when one day I was visited by a tall, handsome young man, dressed in a style that had once been fashionable: trowsers slightly patched about the knees—coat not quite entire about the elbows, for the benefit of the fresh air; yet his *tout ensemble* showing he was a gentleman—a perfect gentleman. He was a romantic, and had stationed himself at the 'Crab and Lobster,' a delicious retreat from the cares of life, just under St. Boniface Down. He begged the honor of my acquaintance. I went of course, and dined with him that very day—cold lamb and salad—and vowed eternal friendship, as I was assisted on my homeward way at half past eight. He was certainly a delightful fellow; no ceremony—no reserve—full of jokes. He came into my bedroom one morning before I was up, and clapped on my new coat—an olive green, I remember, with bright brass buttons—and, all I could say, I never could get it back again. Oh, he was full of fun! He did the same with my trowsers; 'pon my soul, 'twould have killed you with laughing to have heard how comically he spoke about that trick. I love him yet—the rascal!—though he has been the cause of all my misery. 'Twas Hoskins; I need scarcely tell you his name; you guessed who it was, didn't you?"

"No, sir; I had no idea."

"Well; he and I for about a week were happier than any two men since the fall. We rambled about the sweet vales of Bonchurch—dived into the coves of Ventnor; we were seldom separate for an hour in the day. Would to Jupiter we had never been separate a moment! Of course we had no secrets with each other. I was come to the Island to recover the tone of my mind and stomach, after a disappointment in love: he had come to those deep solitudes and awful dells to avoid the impertinence of his duns. We nearly succeeded in both. I became ruddy as a peoni rose, and was hungry five times a day; and he lost the very recollection of wine-merchants and tailors. How he rallied me about Julia! how he laughed at the name of Sniggs! But he always particularly impressed on me the necessity of never despairing. We formed together a plan of the campaign by which I was to obtain my wishes. He was to come up and live with me in London, to drive about in my phaeton, (cabs are a new invention,) and, if possible, obtain an introduction to her himself; then trust to him for pleading the cause of his friend! Nothing could be nicer. I was only anxious to proceed to work, and to return to London immediately. As a preparatory step, I wrote to several of his creditors, and became responsible for his debts. Couldn't do less, you know, for a gentleman who was to get me a wife with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year. It seemed very odd to me, all this time, that Hoskins—gay, lively, handsome fellow—had never been in love. It seemed to give me too much the advantage over him, but he didn't seem to mind it much. He was as proud of himself as if he had been in love with a dozen. At last, one day, ('twas the sixth of our acquaintance,) he came to me and said, 'Teddy,' said he, 'will you make my fortune?'

'Certainly, Hosky, my boy,' said I; 'but how?'

'Lend me twenty pounds. The oddest thing in the world has just happened to me.'

"I happened only to have twenty-five pounds left; gave him four fives without a word, and kept the other.

'What is it?' I said.

'Why, as I was just rambling along below Groves's Inn, there passed me a carriage containing two or three ladies. They were evidently strangers; 'twas a Newport fly; and after they had passed me about twenty yards, the driver stopped, and one of the ladies—rather demure-looking, and somewhat dowdily dressed—came up and spoke to me.'

'Did you know her?' I asked.

'Never saw her in my life before; but she said to me, 'I take the liberty of addressing you, sir, perceiving you to be a gentleman——''

'By Jupiter! Hosky, my coat and trowsers!—'

''To inform you,' continued the old woman, 'of our dilemma. We are living at present in Southampton; we have come over here for a two days' tour, and, unluckily, we have just this moment discovered that we have brought no money with us.''

'And what did you say, Hosky, my boy?' asked I.

'Say? why, that I was delighted to have the opportunity of being useful; that I would walk direct to my hotel and bring them whatever sum they required. They have gone on to Shanklin; and as they return this way, I shall present them with the twenty pounds you have given me.'

'Hadn't you better let me do it myself?' I asked; for I thought, sir, as the money was mine, I might as well have all the merit of helping those damsels in distress. But Hoskins was resolved; and insisted on giving me a note of hand for the amount, in order, as he said, that he might hand it to the ladies with a safe conscience. Noble fellow, Hoskins was—wasn't he? Well, sir, when I asked him what more he intended to do, what do you think he told me, sir? Why, that he intended to marry the old woman!

'The *old* woman, Hosky?' said I. 'Why do you fix on her?'

'Because she is dowdily dressed, and asked me for money; she *must* be rich.'

'Why?' said I, in surprise. 'Because she is ill dressed, and hasn't a farthing in her pocket?'

'Exactly,' nodded my friend Hoskins; oh, he was a knowing dog. 'If she were really poor, she would be finely dressed, and have rather sunk through the earth than have confessed her poverty to a stranger. She must be rolling in money; at least I'll marry her on the chance.'

"So I laughed at him, and he rubbed his hands. You never saw two fellows so jolly in your life. Hoskins with the pockets of my trowsers stuffed with my bank notes, and buttoning up the bosom of my olive green coat. Short-sighted mortal! Confound me if I ever laugh again! Let me fill your glass again, sir."

"You had better, sir," said I, "for you've emptied it this moment—by mistake, of course."

"Good again! But now my miseries begin, sir. There is a land-slip just below a place called Undermount Cottage, leading down to a beautiful beach. Never was so sweet a spot. High hills frowning above, rugged rocks, shelving glens, quite made for lovers to play hide-and-seek in. Well, sir, that smooth expanse of sand, that rick-wooded shore, that quiet, 'blest retirement, friend to life's decline,'—that is, friend to all who are laboring in a consumption, sir—that scene, I say, was the witness of my distraction. Hoskins was a famous sailor, and had hired a boat, which I paid for at the rate of a guinea a week. By way of passing off the time till the old lady's return, we resolved to row out and lift up the prawn-pots. No amusement can be so delightful, sir, as catching prawns in the midst of the finest scenery in the world; for

> 'Oh, if there be an Elysium on earth,
> It is this, it is this, it is this!'

When we were returning, the tide was running out at the rate of sixty miles an hour—sad work pulling against such a racer. But when we had got within a few yards of the shore, who should Hoskins see, just peeping over the cliff, but the identical old lady that had spoken to him in the morning? She waved her hand; he kissed his in return; when—excuse me, sir, till I have swallowed this bumper—just at her elbow, smiling and smirking exactly as we used to do at church, appeared Julia—my Julia; 'twas indeed Miss Sniggs. My heart jumped into my mouth in a moment, and filled it

so completely that there was no room for the tongue to move. Indeed, I believe there was no room for it in the mouth at all, and that it hung out like a dog's in the hot days of July. How I panted, to be sure! for you will observe that Hoskins was a capital steersman, and always, when we rowed out, I held the oars and he the helm; but whether my panting proceeded most from the exertion of rowing against tide, or from seeing Julia so unexpectedly, I cannot, at this distance of time, exactly remember. The silence lasted for some time, and nothing was to be heard but the prodigiously loud kisses that Hoskins kept constantly impressing on the palm of his hand. At last I pulled my tongue within my lips.

'Heavens!' I cried, 'that's my Julia!'

'*Your Julia?*' says Hosky, 'which? the old lady in the cotton shawl, straw bonnet, and dingy-colored gown?'

'No, no; the angel looking over her shoulder in the pink silk scarf; the old one's the housekeeper.'

'That's she, is it?' said Hosky; 'and a devilish nice angel she is, too. Then, my dear Teddy, that alters the whole business; but here we are, ashore, my boy. Give me the oars; you stay in the boat, and I'll jump to land and keep her steady.'

"Saying this, Hosky—fine, active fellow—tossed the two oars ashore, and leaped himself to land; but, instead of keeping the boat steady by the rope in the bow, what do you think he did?—I must really have some brandy and water!—Why, he gave the boat an infernal kick with his prodigiously long leg, and hallooed after me as the tide caught hold of the Naiad (that was its name, sir) and ran off with it like a runaway hunter:

'Pleasant voyage to you, Teddy! I hope to tell you some news of the fair Julia when you come back.'

"What could I do, sir? Nothing. I swore a little, but it did me no good. Every minute the tide seemed to go faster and faster; and the boat, being left entirely to itself—for you remember Hosky threw the oars ashore—tossed and tumbled so horribly among the little short waves, sometimes turning its side, sometimes its stern, that I began very rapidly to become sick. In the mean time Hosky joined the party on the cliff. I saw him lift off his hat as if he had been a prince: I saw my bright buttons glancing in the sun: I saw him put his hand in my breeches pocket, and pull out my fives! Gracious Heaven! fancy my feelings! And just as I had to turn aside to conceal the emotion that the unusual jerking of the boat had produced in my interior, I caught a glimpse of the party winding slowly up the landslip—Hosky between the two ladies, and Julia leaning on his arm!"

"It was very awkward, sir," I said, as the stranger endeavored to bury his recollections in another bumper; "but, of course, you explained every thing on your return?"

"Return, sir! I never returned; at least it was fourteen years before I came back again. The tide, sir, I tell you, was running like Eclipse, and I was as sick as a dog. I lay down, sir, at the bottom of the boat; I raged, I raved, I swore; and at last, when evening came on, I was in the middle of the sea, half mad with sickness and vexation; and, at last, I fell asleep. I wakened, sir, perishing with hunger and thirst;—my tongue gets parched when I think of it—fill up, sir—and I feel as if I had no dinner—do you allow a Welsh rabbit at this club, sir?—but what was I to do? I was still weltering in the pathless deep, and expected every moment to be run down by a ship or swallowed up by a whale. Nothing would do, sir. I shut my eyes and tried to sleep again. At last I was fairly awakened by a thwack across the shoulders with the flat end of an oar. 'Twas daylight, sir; I saw several little boats all around me, and a place before me which I imagined was St. Helens. 'Hallo, my boy!' I cried to a huge fellow, dressed in a hairy cap, who had the oar uplifted in act to fall again, 'don't strike so hard; but lend me a couple of oars, and I'll give you half a guinea when we get to the Salutation.' By Heavens! sir, I never was so surprised in my life. I had fallen among a fleet of French fishermen, and the little town I had fancied was St. Helens was Dieppe. Nice fellow, Hoskins was, to play me such a trick! Napoleon and all the Marshals, I suppose, were deucedly alarmed at such an invasion, for they clapped me into prison directly; and there I was, sir—only imagine my condition—till the year eighteen hundred and fifteen! This happened, sir, in eighteen hundred and one. There was I, sir, kept in close confinement; little to eat, nothing to drink; not a soul to speak to—for I could never pick up the language. And all because I went to the Isle of Wight to recover my good spirits, and lent money to a friend!"

"And what did you do when you came back, sir?"

"Ate beef-steaks and drank porter the first half year without a moment's intermission, night and day. At the end of that time I went into St. Dunstan's, and shed a few tears over my mother's grave. She had died of a fit of apoplexy and a broken heart, about a year after my disappearance; and the sight of the old pulpit and the pew where I had had such fun, laughing to Julia, in my younger days, brought the whole scene back into my memory: but no, it had never left it: I thought of her incessantly, and wondered what had become of her. If she is still Miss Snigg*s*, thought I, all will be well yet; but how was I to hear of her? Her old father had died, or the trade in Water-Lane had been sold; for he was nowhere to be found in the Directory. I then tried to find out Hoskins. I went carefully to the Fleet and King's Bench, as the most likely places to discover him; but he was not there. I looked back at all the cases before the magistrates, and all the convictions at the Old Bailey; he was nowhere to be found. Years and years passed on, and the search was still useless; when, at last—your glass is empty, sir—the appalling truth burst upon me: I was a ruined man, sir,—happiness destroyed for life; and the pleasure of hope a *liber ex purgatus*—Miss Snigg*s* was married! The way I discovered it was this:—It had struck me very forcibly that a pilgrimage to the scene of my misery would be a pleasing occupation for a man of musing and melancholy turn of mind. I mounted once more, sir, the Portsmouth coach; crossed over to Ryde; jumped into one of the open flies that are always kept ready at the pier; traversed the island, and arrived at the old place—the dear little cottage where I had smoked so many pipes with Hosky, the Crab and Lobster. The whole journey took but nine hours—think of that, sir. Fleet-street at nine in the morning, Bonchurch at six at night: but there I was, sir, after an absence of more than five-and-twenty years. Wyld, the landlord, sir, had no idea I was an old friend with a new face; or rather with a face newly done up—for I had neither red nose nor wrinkles when I had seen him last. Ah! 'twas, indeed, a melancholy retrospection; but the prawns were charming as ever, and the scenery—no, not improved, that's impossible—but just the same as when I left it. How I rambled all that evening till it was time for supper. What news I heard from my host!—a town built at Ventnor; a castle at Steephill; a fairy palace built at East End; villas rising like poetical dreams every week upon Bonchurch. Ah! thought I, as I tumbled into bed, why the deuce should'nt I build a villa? Next morning I revisited the Landslip—fatal spot—and determined to rear my modest mansion on some gentle promontory commanding the whole scene. When once I resolve on a thing, sir, 'tis half done already. A gentleman of the name of Page, a builder at Ventnor, showed me all the grounds. We agreed about terms. Such a heavenly place I chose! just under the jutting cliff, two hundred and fifty feet high, buried amidst a profusion of 'plants of all scent, and flowers of every hue;' and that very day I had fifteen men employed in clearing out the foundation. When I was standing superintending their operations I was delighted—petrified, I own, at the same time—to see a gentleman and lady approaching me from behind a clump of magnificent magnolias, at that moment in full bloom. The gentleman seemed about three or four-and-twenty years old; the lady—fair as the first that fell of womankind—about eighteen. What a nice pleasant fellow was the gentleman! what a charming creature was the wife! Who do you think they were, sir?—Let me propose their healths in a bumper—the bottle's done. Why they were the Marquis and Marchioness of Marylebone. They were living in the upper cottage—a fascinating couple! In a few minutes we were as intimate as possible—real marquises are always so good humored—they invited me to dine with them that day. I went. Pretty little dinner—soup, fish, lamb, and a pudding—quite rural, you perceive; and after a few turns of the wine, I began to tell the marquis and his lady—she staid with us all the time—the story of my misfortune. Gracious Powers! in the most pathetic part of all, her ladyship went into a fit—a positive, veritable, *bona fide* fit. Thank Heaven! 'twas only of laughter. The marquis nearly burst, sir—he had to unbutton his waistcoat. I paused; I looked at the beaming face of the marchioness—what splendid white teeth she had! The reddened face and swelled eyes of the marquis! I could not understand it. Her ladyship was the first to speak.

'How delighted,' she cried, 'mamma will be to see you! Oh, we have heard the story a hundred times from papa!'

'Mamma—papa!' I exclaimed. 'Your ladyship is very good—may I ask——'

'My good sir,' said the marquis, 'are you not aware that that lady was Miss Hoskins, the daughter of your old friend?'

'And her mother, my Lord Marquis?'

'Miss Snigg*s*.'

Do you hear that, sir? The marquis actually looked at me with a smile upon his face when he told me that most diabolical fact.

'So Hoskins married my Julia!' I exclaimed, in my despair; 'got all the old gentleman's money; has a marquis for his son-in-law—and all these things *ought* to have happened to me—*would* have happened to me, no doubt, if I had never gone to the island, or lent twenty pounds to a friend! Madam,' said I to the marchioness, 'I am enraged more than ever against your father, when I perceive he has robbed me of so fair and exquisite a daughter.' She laughed. 'But,' I continued, 'nothing is left for me but to bury myself in this desert, and mourn over the unluckiness of my destiny.'

'You shall do no such thing,' said the marquis; 'we shall all come down and see you when your new house is finished. Captain Hoskins and my fair mother-in-law will accompany us; he is adding a new wing to Harridon Lodge, and will be delighted to leave his work-people."

'Well then, my lord,' I said, 'twill be ready by October. I have ordered the cellar to be finished first, and wrote off this morning to old Giberne, in Broad-street, to stock me with good wine; and if you do come, I will do all I can to make you happy.'

'Will you take us out in boat?' inquired the marchioness.

'No I'm —— but I never swear: or if I do, I will have an extra couple of oars chained to the thwarts.'

If you can come down and join us, sir, about the 10th of October, I shall be delighted. I am but a silent hypochondriac; but I will do every thing to make it pleasant for you. Are you fond of shell-fish, sir? Bathing? Sailing? Shooting? Riding? Driving? We have them all, sir; but my grief is getting the better of me again, sir—I must ring for another bottle."

While the stranger was giving his orders to William, and ordering in a couple of lobsters for supper, I took the opportunity of following the example that had been given me by his friend, the mercer from Cornhill, and getting, very quietly, possession of my hat and stick, I wended my way home. If he persists in wishing to be a member of the Whitechapel Athenæum, I will black-ball him to a certainty. Strangers are not allowed to pay for anything they eat or drink; and I found, next day, a bill scored up against me—the mercer having cautioned them that he would not be responsible—for two bottles of port, three glasses of brandy-and-water, fourteen cigars, two lobsters, and six dozen pandores—in all, thirty-two shilling*s* and sixpence. I am going to propose, at the next general meeting, that no member be permitted to bring a friend, or, if he does bring him, that he shall be answerable for his expenses.

LOVE.—Love is a new intelligence entered into the being; it is the softest, but the most subtle light; in all experience it deceives itself; but how many truths does it teach!—how much knowledge does it impart! It makes us alive to a thousand feelings, of whose very existence, till then, we had not dreamed. The poet's page has a new magic; we comprehend all that had before seemed graceful exaggeration; we now find that poetry falls short of what it seeks to express; and we take a new delight in the musical language that seems made for tenderness. Even into philosophy is carried the deeper truth of the heart—and how many inconsistencies are at once understood! We grow more indulgent, more pitying; and one sweet weakness of our own leads to so much indulgence for others. We doubt, however, whether the term, weakness, be not misapplied in this case. If there be one emotion that redeems our humanity, by stirring all that is generous and unselfish within us, that awakens all the poetry of our nature, and that makes us believe in that heaven of which it bears the likeness, it is love: love, spiritual, devoted and eternal; love, that softens the shadow of the valley of death, to welcome us after to its own and immortal home Some Greek poet says—'What does he know who has not suffered?' He might have asked—'What does he know who has not loved?' Alas! both questions are synonymous! Heaven help the heart that breaks with it after knowledge! How sad seemed the lot of a young girl, touched by all the keen susceptibilities of youth, full of gentle and shrinking tenderness, fated to be unreturned! Nothing can compensate to a nameless fascination about beauty, which seems, like all fairy gifts, crowded into one. It wins without an effort, and obtains credit for possessing every thing else. How many mortifications, from its very cradle, has the unpleasing exteriour to endure! To be unloved—what a fate for a woman whose element is love!

Miss Landon.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain—in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects—in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order—a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful, and a happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them; but plant in their minds and souls, in the way proposed, the seeds of virtue and prosperity.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all her present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements, every thing on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she had been guided, the sister to whom she had dared to impart every embryo thought and feeling, the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and counselled, and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate, all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke, every former tie is loosened, the spring of every action is to be changed; and yet she flies with joy in the untrodden path before her: buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations to the happiness to come. Then woe to the

man who can blight such fair hopes, who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and the watchful protection of home, who can coward-like break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence love had inspired. Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline in which she has been nurtured and yet makes no effort to supply their place.

FULL OF LOVE AND PATHOS.

The following mellifluous stanzas, which we cut from a nice little weekly print, are the most amusing specimens of the affectionately tender and the tenderly affectionate we remember to have seen for a twelvemonth. The first 'Complaint' is perfectly irresistible. Harder than 'the nether mill-stone' must be that woman's heart which would not soften at so touching an appeal. The description of himself drawn by "ABELARD" is only equalled by that immediately afterwards presented by "ELOISA" of her sweet self. (We remark, *par parenthese*, that these signatures are very singularly chosen, considering certain associations which they call to mind.) We cannot sufficiently admire the modesty of the one or the delicacy of the other.—The one is as clerical as the other is maidenly. All that is wanting to perfect the matter is the denouement. This should be written in the same metre. It is long metre, but what particular tune in the Bridgewater Collection it may be set to, we are not sufficiently musical to state. It would be fun to hear both pieces sung by a village choir—the nasal chorister lifting up his hand at the beginning of each line and letting it fall at the end.

Let any lovely young female read these effusions and not feel her bosom throb with the tenderest emotions and "all that." We should state that No. I. appeared one week and No. II. the next. The complainer had his answer with remarkable despatch, when we take into view the blushes and coy delays which generally precede the acceptance of such a proposal.

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NO. I.—THE UNMARRIED CLERGYMAN'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, where shall I find her?—some good angel tell;
In what sylvan or city abode does she dwell?
The right one, the fair one, who, sharing my heart,
Would be faithful and true until death did us part.

My calling is holy, and 'tis my delight
The pastoral crook to support day and night;
To preach, pray and praise is inspiring I own,
And yet 'tis not good to be always alone. (True!)

Far happier were I, had I by my side
Some soft, gentle being, in whom to confide;
To kneel with me, cheer me, and who a bright smile
Should ever have ready my cares to beguile.

My study has comforts—its walls are hung round
With pictures of prelates and fathers renowned;
I have all that the scholar's ambition could please,
Books piled upon books, yet I am not at ease.

A kind, placid face, o'er my shoulder that bent
In affection, as I on some page was intent;
A still, gliding step, half afraid to intrude,
Were better by far than this dull solitude.

I'm a lover of Nature, and oftentimes rove
By the green river side, and I range through the grove;
A few feel the raptures I feel when at even
The moon and the stars take their places in heaven.

Yet how would my joy be enhanced, were there one
Whose bosom with mine beat in fond unison,
And with fancy congenial would wander abroad,
And muse sweetly with me on the fair works of God.

I ask not for beauty—it is a frail flower,
That, though lovely awhile, scarcely blooms for an hour;
I ask not for riches—I never could part,
For gold, with my peace and my freedom of heart.

But I ask for a pious, contemplative mind,
For feeling and taste and a manner refined;
For those low winning tones and those mild beaming eyes
Which make daughters of earth appear born of the skies.

With one so endowed, how content could I dwell!
Content with the chime of some village church-bell,
And together to sing and together to pray,
From our youth's golden morn till our locks were turned grey.

Oh, where shall I find her, the wished one, oh where?
Kind Father in heaven, wilt *thou* hear my prayer?
Direct thou my choice! and in life be our guide,
And receive us in death when we sleep side by side.

ABELARD.

NO. II.—TO THE UNMARRIED CLERGYMAN.

With a heart deeply touched by your tender appeal,
And feeling for one who so keenly can feel,
I take up my pen, in the hope to relieve
A few of those pangs which your bosom aggrieve.

Of a maiden I know, not a thousand miles off,
At whose modest pretensions I think you'll not scoff,
As she seems both by grace and by nature designed
To answer the fanciful sketch of your mind.

For here is a soul by true piety warmed,
To the world's hollow fashions and pomps unconformed;
And fitted is she all your cares to divide,
And a shepherdess over your flock to preside.

With you would she kneel round the same cheerful hearth,
With you swell the song of devotional mirth;
With you would she visit the couch of despair,
And the rainbow of hope plant triumphantly there!

You ask not for beauty—yet beauty is hers,
If all can be true that wide rumor avers;
And many a youth has sent up a deep sigh, (Diffident!)
And suspended his step when she has passed by.

You ask not for riches—and wealth she has not,
Yet hers is by far from a dowerless lot;
Nor jewels nor gems can she bring you as wife,
Yet sufficient is hers for the comforts of life.

And when the romance of affection is o'er,
'Tis well to have something substantial in store, (Good!)
Lest your flock should prove fickle, and you should be hurl'd,
In old age, on a cold and a pitiless world.

You see she is prudent—and yet she has taste
For those arts by which home is enlivened and graced;
Her pencil a landscape can prettily take,
And her fingers soft airs on her instrument wake.

And she joys in the great master bards who have sung
Such magical strains in the old English tongue;
For brave Abdiel in fight she oft thrills with fond fear,
Or to filial Cordelia's sad fate drops a tear.

And hers is a passion for wild forest flowers,
For the music of birds in their green native bowers,
For the mountain and cascade, the foam and the roar
Of the high ocean surf as it curls to the shore.

The minor accomplishments, too has my friend—
She can mark with the needle, *your stockings can mend,* (kind!)
Your bands can she starch, and your fair tresses shear
With her delicate hands, when no barber is near.

What more could you wish than this maid does present,
For pure ministerial peace and content?
Methinks you would taste of the Eden-like bliss
Of the couples of old, with a woman like this!

How sweet, whene'er Sunday's bright eve brought repose,
And the faint silver peal of some distant bell rose,
With her to bend over the same holy board,
Or recall beloved friends who had slept in the Lord.

But oh, should affliction your souls ever try—
Should the cherubs God sends you—your little ones—die!
How much will it soften and lighten the blow,
To mingle your tears in communion of woe!

And when all the tempests of life have been passed,
And you to your fathers are gathered at last,
Like the harps of the blest will that trumpet resound
Which invites you together on high to be crowned.

"And who is this maid you so warmly commend?"
You may ask: I will tell you—she is my best friend; (Ah!)
From our cradle we always were known to agree;
—Then who in the world but *myself* should she be? (Oh!)

ELOISA.

GENERAL EDUCATION.—The only adequate counterpoise against the evil effect of suddenly acquiring wealth in our country, is to be found in the education of the mass of the community. Enterprise will amass riches, and wealth brings with it a desire for power, to obtain which the possessor will pursue the shortest possible way, to wit—by addressing himself to the cupidity of the people. If, then, the people be left in ignorance, the inevitable consequences will be that their avaricious propensities will get the mastery, there being no proper countercheck, in the absence of knowledge. By cultivating knowledge we place in possession of the poor man a safeguard, which, by creating a claim to respect and consideration, different from that of gain, deprives the latter of a great portion of its seductiveness. In this country especially, where the people are the source of power, ought knowledge to be imparted to the poor, as without it their passions will constantly mislead them. If we desire to see our country great, we must first see that the population is so instructed as to understand their rights, and, understanding them, to know how to protect them. Baltimore American.

PIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE SWISS.—It is the custom, in the valleys of the canton of Berne, whenever the father of a family builds a house, and the walls are raised to their full height, to request the minister of the parish to pray to God inside. The workmen, and such as are to assist in finishing the house, meet together, and unite in thanking the Lord for his care hitherto, and entreat a continuance of it, through the more dangerous part that remains. "This prayer," observes M. Paulet, the pastor of Coutelary, "when made in faith, redoubles one's strength, and removes all fear of danger." "If God be for us, who can be against us?" observed an old carpenter to the same minister, when he advised him not to expose himself too incautiously. A blessing terminates this pious ceremony; the workmen return to their labors, and the noise of hammers begins to be heard again. How pleasing it is to see a practical acknowledgement of the truth, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it!"

The following pious custom is also general among the inhabitants of the Alps. The shepherd's horn in the Alpine regions is the signal for a solemn and religious duty, and is used for a much more noble purpose than the mere return of the cattle from their pasturage. When the sun has quitted the valley, and his lingering beams still cast a glow of fading light on the snowy summits of the mountains, the shepherd, whose hut is placed on the highest Alp, grasps his horn, and pronounces, through his speaking trumpet, the solemn injunction to the world below, "Praise ye the Lord." Every shepherd in the neighborhood, who catches this sound in succession, repeats the same sentence at the door of his cabin.—Thus, perhaps, for a quarter of an hour, the cliffs and rocky precipices fling to each other oft-repeated echoes of the sublime "Praise ye the Lord!" A solemn stillness succeeds the last reverberation; and all kneel bare-headed, and in silent devotion, till darkness rests upon the earth, and veils the towering mountains. Again the horn sounds, and the peaceful, social 'good night!' once more awakens the echoes.—Hills, vales, and rocky cliffs, and all, sink to rest.

Oriental Key to the Scriptures.

FOLLY OF DISCONTENT.—The following little anecdote of a person who had contemplated self-destruction, is very beautiful and touching.

"I was weary of life, and, after a day, such as some have known, and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy, who had caught hold of the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look was irresistable. Not less so was the lesson he had learnt: 'There are six of us, and we are dying for the want of food.' Why should I not, said I to myself, relieve this wretched family! I have the means, and it will not delay me many minutes. But what if it does? The scene of misery he conducted me to, I cannot describe. I threw them my purse, and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes—it went as a cordial to my heart. I will call tomorrow, I cried. Fool that I was, to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheap. Rogers' Italy.

EXPECTING A LETTER.—I do not think that life has a suspense more sickening than that of expecting a letter which does not come. The hour which brings the post is the one that is anticipated, the only one from which we reckon. How long the time seems till it comes! With how many devices do we seek to pass it a little quicker. How we hope and believe each day will be our last of anxious waiting! The post comes in, and there is no letter for us. How bitter is the disappointment! and on every repetition it grows more acute. How immeasurable the time seems till the post comes in again! The mind exhausts itself in conjectures; illness, even death, grow terribly distinct to hope in its agony—hope that is fear! We dread we know not what; and every lengthened day the misery grows more insupportable. Every day the anxiety takes a darker shadow. To know even the very worst of all we have forboded, appears a relief. Miss Landon.

SECRETS OF HEALTH—With regard to exercise, judge between the two following extremes: A fox-hunter can get drunk every night in the year, and yet live to an old age; but then he is all exercise and no thought. A sedentary scholar shall not be able to get drunk once in a year with impunity; but then he is all thought and no exercise. Now the great object is neither to get drunk, nor be all exercise, nor all thought; but to enjoy all our pleasures with a sprightly reason. The four ordinary secrets of human life are, early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and the rising from the table with the stomach unoppressed. There may be sorrows in spite of these, but they will be less with them, and nobody can be truly comfortable with them.

HINTS TO LOVERS.—If a youth is wooingly disposed towards any damsel as he values his happiness, let him follow my advice; call on the the lady when she least expects him, and take notice of the appearance of all that is under her control. Observe if the shoe fits neatly—if the gloves are clean, and the hair neat—and I would forgive a man for breaking off an engagement, if he discovered a greasy novel hid away under the cushion of a sofa, or a hole in the garniture of the prettiest foot in the world. Slovenliness will ever be avoided by a well regulated mind as would a pestilence. A woman cannot always be 'dressed,' particularly one in middle or humble life, where her duty, and it is consequently to be hoped her pleasure, lies in superintending all domestic matters, but she may always be neat, well appareled—and as certainly as a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband, so surely is a slovenly one a crown of thorns.

A person asking how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden: "A young friend of hers requested her to go into a cane brake and get him the handsomest reed. She must get it at once going through, without turning—She went, and, coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked her if that was the handsomest she saw, 'Oh no,' she replied, 'I saw many finer as I went along; but I kept on, in hopes of one much better, until I got nearly through, and then I was obliged to take up with any one I could get—and a crooked one at last."

A Fact for the Philosophical.—A young man of our acquaintance, who is paying his addresses to a 'lady love,' staid so late a few evenings since, that the family were compelled to whitewash the wall the next morning, to obliterate his *shadow!*

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

Majesty of the Soul.—Man's soul is greater than his fortunes, and there is majesty in a life that towers above the ruins that fall around its path.

Time.—Time is the mask of eternity.

Loss of Honor.—I had rather (said Louis the Twelfth) suffer the loss of a kingdom, which may be retrieved, than the loss of honor, which never can.

Ladies, like tulips, in the sunshine show—
'Tis to variety their charms they owe.
Miss Landon.

"My love, you don't look as handsome as common, lately."
"I know it, but how can one afford to be beautiful, when paint is so dear?"

Never join with your friend when he abuses his horse or his wife, unless the one is about to be sold, and the other buried.

Nothing sets up a woman's spunk like calling her ugly—she gets her back right up like a cat when a strange dog comes near her; she is all eyes, claws and bristles.

What is Hope?—Nothing (says Lord Byron) but the paint on the face of existence; the least touch of truth rubs it off, and then we see what a hollow-cheeked harlot we have got hold of.

Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the *dinner*.

Remarkable Phenomenon.—There is a man in Vermont who sneezes so hard that every time he commences he pitches a somerset.

Happy Marriages.—Miss Landon says, "The only happy marriages I ever heard of are those in some Eastern story I once read, where the King marries a new wife every night, and cuts off her head in the morning."

A physician attending a man afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, reports that he was some part of the time suffering under such *sharp* pains, that those who attempted to turn him in his bed were severely cut in the hands and arms.

A woman, with a beaming face,
But with a heart untrue,
Though beautiful, is valueless
As diamonds form'd of dew!

The most rational and therefore truest remark that has been made with respect to the great question, "Which is the better, the married or the single state?" is the following:—Whichever resolution you come to, repentance will follow.

Passion.—A man in a passion is like Vesuvius in an eruption, vomiting forth flames and red hot stones, which descend immediately into its own bosom, till *chance directs it over* the edge of the crater, to deal destruction to others.

Which is the best, to be over head and ears in love, or in water? In the winter, in love; in the summer, in water.

Past Love.—I *have* loved another; and in that thought, as in an urn, lie the ashes of all affection.

Eloquence is vehement simplicity.

The following "*Rules*" are posted in a New-Jersey school house:

"*No kissing girls in school-time.* No *licking* the *master* during holydays."

Diamond cut Diamond.—A looker-on at a gambling table having observed one player very grossly cheating another, took the 'pigeon' aside and said, "Have you not observed how villanously that man has been packing the cards?" The other smilingly answered, "Pray don't be under the least concern about that; I intend to pick his pocket as soon as he has done playing."

Connubialities.—A woman that has but one lover thinks herself no coquette; she that has several, concludes herself no more than a coquette.

It is the hardest thing in love, to feign it where it is not, or hide it where it is; but it is easier counterfeited than concealed.

Absence is to love what fasting is to the body; a little stimulates it, but a long abstinence is fatal.

A man is more reserved on his friend's concerns than his own; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her own secret better than another's.

Love is the poetry of human nature.

Economy.—"My dear, you use too much butter on your bread," said a lady who had been married late in life, to her husband; "they will not make butter for less than 25 cents a pound now-a-days."

"I do not know what they *make* it for," answered he, "but I *buy* it to eat upon my bread."

Virtue is the queen of laborers; Opinion the mistress of fools; Vanity the pride of nature, and Contention the overthrow of families.

Absence of Mind.—A most unfortunate instance recently happened in our city. A poor gentleman went to the cupboard for a dram. In a state of mental alienation, he swallowed the contents of a bottle which contained oil, used for turning light hair black. He instantly commenced changing color, and has since become a most perfect negro. The deep grief of his beautiful and devoted wife is absolutely heart-rending.
Cincinnati News.

Another.—A drunkard being visited by a temperance agent just as he was about to take down his morning's bitters, kicked the decanter out of doors, and swallowed the agent.

Wit is something like sunshine in a frost; very sharp, very bright, but very cold and uncomfortable.

"Your ma has taken a glass of ice-cream; will you have some, my dear?"
"Yes, sir, if you please; but I will take it warm, if it is not too much trouble."
Galaxy.

Query.—How often does a person's birth-day come, who is born on the 29th of February?

To kiss ladies' hands after their lips as some do, is like little boys, who, after they eat the apple, fall to the paring out of love they have to the apple.

A Condensed Character.—In this way one Editor talks about another: He is too contemptible to be worthy of hate, and too insignificant to repay the trouble of despising him.

Two ladders of equal height and standing on the ground are no better than one; but when one of them is lashed to the other, a man may ascend by them to a double height. So an original genius who takes advantage of the knowledge and discoveries of past ages, may attain to a double elevation, while the original mind without learning may ascend no higher than others have done before him.

Fate.—Yield to fate to-day, and you may grasp her proudest awards to-morrow. To succumb is not to be subdued.

Newspapers were first published in England on the 22d of August, 1642.

Utility of Laughter.—A hearty laugh is occasionally an act of wisdom; it shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brains, and the hypochondria from his ribs, far more effectually than either champagne or blue pills.

An Intellectual Woman.—Intellectual women are the most modest inquirers after truth, and accomplished women often the most scrupulous observers of social duty.

The Boston girls eat persimmons to draw their mouths up small. The Philadelphia girls apply an onion to their eyes before going to a party, to make their *bright* orbs sparkle.

The Boston Galaxy says that '*The Fox without a Tail*' is the best fable Æsop ever wrote, and makes the following applications:

When we hear a very ugly favored person decry personal beauty and insist that 'behavior, and not looks, makes the man,' we think of the fox without a tail.

When we see a writer who has in vain attempted a witty and humorous style of writing, and has given up the attempt in despair, pronounce witticisms, squibs and jokes a trivial affair, beneath the attention of a man, we think of the fox without a tail.

When we see a person whose education has been unfortunately neglected, and who cannot write his own name, endeavor to depreciate the value of literary works, and their authors, in gross, we think of the fox without a tail.

When we see an elderly maiden, who has in vain striven to win herself a bosom's lord, and who has reached the years of ripe discretion in a single state, very much disposed to undervalue the male sex, and enthusiastic in the praise of humble blessedness, we think of the fox without a tail.

But when we see a man expend all his income for rich apparel, while his mind is wholly deficient in useful and ornamental knowledge, we think of a fox without a *head*.

You may be sure that a man is your enemy when he tries to place you in a situation where you must unavoidably make yourself ridiculous.
Boston Pearl.

SINGULAR LEGEND.—'There was,' said Sir Walter Scott, 'a very merry party collected in a town in France, and amongst all the gay lords and ladies there was none who caused so great a sensation as a beautiful young lady who danced, played and sang in the most exquisite style. There were only two unaccountable circumstances belonging to her; one was that she never went to church nor attended family prayers; the other that she always wore a slender black velvet band or girdle round her waist. She was often asked about these peculiarities, but she always evaded the interrogatories, and still, by her amiable manners and beauty won all hearts. —One evening, in a dance, her partner saw an opportunity of pulling the loop of her little black girdle behind. It fell to the ground, and immediately the lady became as pale as a sheet—then gradually shrunk and shrunk—till at length nothing was to be seen in her place but a small heap of ashes!'
Lockhart's Life of Scott.

HOPELESS LOVE.

I do not ask to offer thee
A timid love like mine;
I lay it, as the rose is laid,
On some immortal shrine.

I have no hope in loving thee—
I only ask to love;
I brood upon my silent heart,
As on its nest the dove.

But little have I been beloved,
Sad, silent, and alone:
And yet I feel, in loving thee,
The wide world is mine own.

Thine is the name I breathe to heaven,
Thy face is on my sleep;
I only ask that love like this
May pray for thee and weep.
L.E.L.

UGLINESS.—It is curious to observe that an ugly face is generally the indication of a humorous and witty mind; it suggests innumerable exhilirating witticisms in the wearer himself, and is the cause of wit to others. There is scarcely a merry, shrewd, witty fellow, in fictitious history, but has the bonus of ugliness attributed to him. Æsop, was a very ugly little hunchback; uglier still was Socrates, no less a man of wit, and a man of humor than a philosopher. The heroes of Rabelais were famous for personal deformity Sancho Panza, his master, and Rosinante, were in their several conditions absolutely patterns of this interesting qualification. Hudibras and Ralpho were still more conspicuously ugly. Scarron the favorite wit of France, was the most deformed little creature a lovely woman ever allowed herself to be coupled to.

WOMEN AND MATRIMONY.—Most women possess a talent and by no means an uneducated one, for matrimony. At first, with common minded girls, it evaporates in flirtations; when that does not do, they sink into the sentimental, quote poetry, and catch vulgar colds in their heads by the 'baying of the moon,' though, if they can help it, not in sequestered solitude. I have known the sentimental continue after thirty; but generally speaking, ladies assume a different character at that antiquated maidenly period; they become geologists, or moralists, or sectarians, or—any thing but rationalists! An unmarried lady feels herself desperately circumstanced between thirty and forty; she does not consider any of the lords of the creation either too young or too old.

LOVE OF TRAVELLING.—A journey is life; as, on the other hand, life is a journey. Even if I had to drag myself along on one foot, like some muscles, or move at the rate of that respectable marine animal, that advances only half an inch in a quarter of an hour, I should still want to be in motion. At first, a man is satisfied to go to the nearest city; then to the adjoining country; then longs to visit another continent; and if the planets were strung together like pearls, or shooting-stars were ferry-boats, and the fixed one pontoons, we would take post at once for Herschel. On the other hand, no animal is surrounded by so many shells and coverings, which impede his locomotion. First, there is the universe; then this earth; then the town we live in; the four walls of our house; then our chair and bed; our clothes, and, lastly, our body.

EXTRAORDINARY PLANT.—There is a plant inhabiting the vast prairies of North America, the ends of the leaves being armed with teeth which have the power of closing up on being irritated by any substance, as for instance, a fly: indeed, these seem to be the natural food of the plant. A French philosopher engaged in the investigation of its properties put many of these plants in situations where they could not get any insect and they gradually faded. He also fed some of them with beef scrapings and these plants throve well.

A LONG NOSE.—Napoleon used to say, 'Strange as it may apppear, when I want any good head work done, I choose a man, providing his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head to go together.'

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.—What is the ordinary history of the heart? We yield to some strong and sudden impulse. One sweet face sheds its own loveliness over earth. A subtle pleasure, unknown before, enters into the commonest thing. We gaze on the stars, and dream of an existence spiritual and lovely as their own, far removed from all lower cares, from all the meaner and baser portion of our ordinary path. The face of nature has grown fairer than of old; a thousand graceful phantasies are linked with every leaf and flower. The odour that comes from the violet with the last sobs of a spring-shower, is more fragrant, from recalling the faint breathing of one beloved mouth. We turn the poet's page, now, to find a thousand hidden meanings, only to be detected by a passionate sympathy; for poetry is the language set apart for love.

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1838.

Real Estate Banking.—We have already intimated our preference for some positive and signal action on the part of the National Government, tending to the relief of the People of this Union from the general paralysis and prostration under which all interests are now suffering. It seems to us still that Washington is the point whence relief, to be sufficient and universal, should emanate, and that many considerations of force and urgency unite to require some interposition of the National resources and credit for the relief of the community. But, since it is understood to be settled that no such action can be obtained—that the best which can be expected from that quarter is that no evil will be consummated—we must seek in the action of our State Governments, and of our citizens under them, the grounds of renewed confidence and hope for the future.

In the midst of the pressure of 1834, the Government of this State interposed the public credit to the extent of six millions to sustain the Banks and the community. The end was attained; and we believe the means are generally regarded as having contributed somewhat towards it, although no actual use of the State credit was made. But public sentiment scarcely sustained the act then, and its reiteration will hardly be attempted now. Party considerations would doubtless interpose if it were clearly expedient; neither party, at the present crisis, would hazard the responsibility. To increase the number of Banks, under our present system, would answer no purpose. So long as the attitude of the General Government towards the Banking Institutions of the country is one of hostility or even distrust—whether necessarily or otherwise is nothing to the purpose—no extension of our credit system on a paper basis can take place. The fact ought to be understood by every one, that to maintain a sufficient currency of paper, redeemable at all times in specie, while the Government of the country refuses, and, by refusing, discredits, that currency, is an utter impossibility. In the nature of things, the paper thus discredited will return rapidly upon its issuers, and either be converted into coin, and thus withdrawn from circulation, or, from the inadequacy of the supply of coin, specie payments will be suspended, and the facility by conversion cease, leaving the country with a currency professedly equivalent to specie, but actually depreciated and of every variety of value. If the simple statement of this proposition, with a reference to recent and prominent facts in our own country's history, do not sufficiently demonstrate its truth, a column in illustration of it would be thrown away.

We conclude, then, that our existing Banking System cannot be relied on to furnish a sound and sufficient currency under impending circumstances—still less to equalize the exchanges, facilitate the business and stimulate afresh the enterprise and industry of the country. Be the fault where it may, the circumstances of the country have so changed that our system of credit and currency must be changed also, or the nation must travel far on 'the back track' to assimilate itself once more thereto. We believe, therefore, that they are wrong who think to give relief to the country by the creation of great State Banks on the old plan. Suppose such Banks established: what are they to do? Issue their notes redeemable in specie? Of course; but how many of them, as matters are, would stay issued? We do not know that they would be received for Customs; we know they would not for Public Lands; [and if the Sub-Treasury Bill is again to be laid over to another session, as seems not unlikely, we shall be afloat on a sea of uncertainty for at least a year to come.] We repeat, that no adaptation of the currency to the existing condition, and at the same time to the pressing wants of the community, is possible under the present policy of the Federal Government and in view of the actual state of the country. An issue of Bank Post Notes would do much to afford immediate relief; but even that is an innovation on our system, beside being inadequate to the occasion. We want more than this can give us.

We are among those who believe that the overthrow of our former system of currency, however to be deplored in its immediate effects, will yet be succeeded by another, less exceptionable to cavil, and equally, if not more strikingly, conducive to the public welfare. It cannot be that the peculiar form of modern Banking is the only one in which the great principles of credit and mutual confidence can be developed and beneficially applied. We should have been the last to advise a radical interference with the old system while in successful operation; but now that all is in ruins, it may not be amiss to see if a better edifice cannot be constructed out of the materials—one, if possible, less liable to subversion.

We earnestly hope, therefore, that it will be found practicable at this time, to establish—1. that Banking, like other business, may be regulated by general laws, so as to preclude the necessity of charters or special acts of incorporation; 2. that stocks or bonds of undoubted character may be made the basis of Bank issues and of currency, being so secured that they cannot be alienated from the redemption of such issues, as Bank capital now may; 3. that fixed and stable property, of undoubted and nearly appreciable value, may in like manner be employed and pledged as the basis of currency and exchange, so that the real circulating medium of the country may in some degree be measured by the amount and value of property as well as the demands of business.

The last desideratum is the most difficult of attainment, but is by no means so far off as would have seemed to all a few months since. The project of Mr. Stilwell for a gigantic organization of credit for exchange and currency purposes, having as a basis the pledge of real estate and other property, is fast recommending itself to general favor. It may be erroneous in form and detail; but the principle is right. An association with an aggregate capital of fifty millions, consisting four-fifths of undoubted mortgages on real estate worth a hundred millions, would form a new nucleus of credit of the most beneficial character, and go far to restore prosperity and healthful action. It would at once relieve thousands, who are now exposed to lose all they are worth to pay debts not amounting to one-fifth of its value, because there is no money in circulation, and scarcely a money price to any thing not immediately a necessity of life. And finally, Mr. Stilwell's plan commends itself to us because it asks no aid of legislation but a simple removal of the restrictions interposed by existing laws to the forming of voluntary associations for business purposes. We shall offer a more circumstantial account of this plan hereafter.

Congress.—The Canada Bill to preserve neutrality on our frontier has finally passed. Mr. Adams of Massachusetts, and Mr. Fairfield of Maine, presented to the House two petitions from the citizens of New Jersey on the subject of the late disastrous duel, praying Congress to investigate the transaction. They were referred to the Select Committee already appointed for that investigation. The most important matter, next to the Canada Bill, which seems to have occupied the attention of the House, is the 'Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill,' which, on motion of Mr. Cambreleng, was taken up by a Committee of the Whole and discussed. No final decision was made, and the Bill continues in abeyance, a debate having arisen on the amendments. Mr. Bell gave notice that he should move a reduction of the salaries of Government officers from twenty to twenty-five per cent.

In the Senate, Mr. Clayton, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported the bill referred to them to prevent the giving or accepting of challenges to duels in the District of Columbia, with amendments, the principal one of which was the substituting for the penalty of death from ten to twenty years' confinement in the penitentiary.

MAINE.—The Whig Convention assembled in the capitol on the 1st inst. and nominated two delegates to a National Convention, both of whom are in favor of Mr. Clay. Gov. Kent has been again nominated as a candidate at the next election.

The Legislature of this State is politically divided as follows: Senate—15 administration, 10 opposition; House—85 administration, 99 opposition. Three Conservatives are included in the administration list. The Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer, and Council are of the opposition.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—The Governor and Council have appointed Thursday, the 12th day of April next, to be observed as a day of public humiliation, fasting and prayer in this State.

MASSACHUSETTS.—A Whig Legislative Convention have nominated Gov. Everett and Lieut. Gov. Hull for re-election. Resolutions were adopted expressing the preference of the citizens for Mr. Webster as a candidate for the Presidency, but submitting unitedly the nomination to a National Convention. Among the resolutions were some highly complimentary to Mr. Clay, and paying a just tribute to his distinguished public services.

Gov. Everett has appointed Thursday, the 5th of April, as a day of public fasting, humiliation and prayer.

The Governor and Council are much censured for disbanding the six light infantry companies of Boston, for refusing to apologize for leaving the Common last fall, when the Montgomery Guards made their appearance.

The bounty paid on wild animals killed in Massachusetts since 1835 is $4,500, viz. for 3,848 foxes, 24 wild cats, 2 wolves and 1 bear.

The late State Temperance Convention at Boston, was composed of 400 citizens from all parts of the State.

The Senate has passed a bill to encourage the production of wheat, by granting a bounty on every bushel raised over a certain quantity.

CONNECTICUT.—There are thirty-one Banks in this State, ten of which are now paying specie.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The 'Anti Bank Bill,' as it is termed, which makes the stockholders liable, and compels the Banks to resume specie payment on or before the first of May next, and imposes various other obligations, has passed the lower House.

In the Senate, on Saturday last, two resolutions, submitted a day or two ago—the first requiring an unconditional resumption of specie payments, and the second making the stockholders of the Banks personally liable for all the debts—came up, when the first was *negatived* by a vote of 17 to 13, and the second by a vote of 21 to 9. Mr. Penrose made an eloquent speech on the occasion.

Gen. David B. Porter of Huntingdon County was nominated by the Convention which assembled at Harrisburgh on the 5th inst. as the Democratic candidate for Governor. The Anti-Masonic Convention have unanimously nominated Gov. Ritner as their candidate for the same office.

OHIO.—A Whig State Convention was to have been held in Columbus, Ohio, on the 4th instant. Seven counties alone have appointed 1,000 delegates.

Both Houses have concurred in a resolution against annexing Texas to the Union.

The Legislature will adjourn on the 12th inst.

NEW-JERSEY.—By a recent act of apportionment in the New-Jersey Legislature, each county is to have, after 1840, one representative for every 6,000 inhabitants.

The Legislature adjourned on the 24th ult.

KENTUCKY.—The Democracy of the Kentucky Legislature held a meeting on the 12th inst., recommending concert and action among their democratic friends throughout the State, and the course which would insure that concert.

According to the return of the tax commissioners the whole valuation of property in this State, is $223,053,041. The estimated expenditures of the Government for the year ending October 1837, are $238,000; the estimated receipt $228,000.

The Legislature has adjourned after appropriating $400,000 for prosecuting works of internal improvement.

LOUISIANA.—The Bank Bill was still under the consideration of the Governor at the last dates.

ILLINOIS.—The Vandalia Free Press has suggested the names of Cyrus Edwards, of Madison, for Governor, W. H. Davidson, of White, for Lieut. Governor.

Frontier News.—As we hear of no further attempts upon Canada by the Patriots, we come to the conclusion that the jig is finally up with them. The whole invading force, which surrendered to General Wool on the 1st instant near Alburg Springs, Vt., is 600, with one piece of artillery and nine loads of ammunition, small arms, &c. Doctors Nelson and Cote have been handed over to the civil authorities, and Gen. Wool has left the line for Plattsburgh.

As McKenzie is now powerless and Van Rensselaer is in prison at Auburn, it is to be hoped that we shall hear no more

of these Quixotic demonstrations against a nation with whom we are at peace and on terms of friendly intercourse.

The Star of Thursday states, that on the 26th ult. about 280 Patriots crossed the lake from a peninsula near Sandusky, Ohio, and captured some hogs on Plain Island on the Canada side. An attack on the island by the British was momently expected. This, if true, amounts to nothing. The whole farce is at an end.

POSTAGE.

The whole country is crying out, or should be, for a reduction of the rates of postage. It ought to be effected at once. The Department is willing and can well afford it; the people bitterly need it. Mr. Kendall has now a large surplus, which, under his existing regulations, absorbs the specie change of the community, to the grievous inconvenience of every body. A million dollars of coin—often small coin—stowed away in his vaults and safes is almost an annual tax of that amount on the public. This cannot be borne. All agree that if the Sub-Treasury plan is to be engrafted upon our National system of Finance (as it now partially is, at least in the Post Office Department of the public service) there must be the least possible surplus of Revenue on hand. A surplus to one fourth the amount of 1836, would absorb the currency and bankrupt the People.

Congress must not adjourn until a law reducing and equalizing the Rates of Postage shall have passed. The existing rates are not only too high, but are at once inconvenient and arbitrary. It is absurd that a letter travelling one or two hundred miles is charged a sum which no American coin or coins will exactly pay. The effect of this is to keep foreign coin in circulation, often at a rate far above its real worth. Trouble in making change and in other ways is often experienced from these preposterous exactions of 12 1-2 and 18 3-4 cents.

We propose a reduction and establishment of the rates as follows: Under 50 miles 5 cents; under 200 miles 10 cents; under 500 miles 15 cents; under 1,000 miles 20 cents; over 1,000 miles 25 cents. (The present rates, it is well known, are up to 30 miles 6 cents; under 80, 10 cents; under 150, 12 1-2 cents; under 400, 18 3-4 cents; over 400, 25 cents.

By these rates, a letter sent from New-York to Bangor, Maine, is charged just as much as if sent to Nachitochos, Jefferson Barracks, or Prairie du Chien in the Far West; and so it is even if sent to Chautauque County, in the same State where mailed! There is no reason in this. Nor is there in charging a letter suspected of containing three Bank Notes with four postages. And yet the law says it must be so. No letter weighing less than an ounce ought to be charged more than two postages; after that, two postages per ounce is sufficient. Moderation and equal justice should characterize the exactions of governments not less than individuals.

It has been proposed that newspapers should be allowed to circulate within the counties where printed free of postage. If this can be done without substracting too much from the revenues of the Department, we heartily recommend it. County lines, however, are very arbitrary; some counties containing two thousand square miles; others barely one. Beside, Louisiana has no counties. The exemption should be within thirty or fifty miles of the place of issue. If this can be borne—and Mr. Kendall's judgment will doubtless determine that of Congress—we hope it may be speedily effected.

[Jeffersonian.

AN ACT IN RELATION TO SMALL BILLS.

[Passed February 28, 1838.]

The People of the State of New-York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

§ 1. All the provisions of the act, entitled "An Act to prohibit the circulation of small bills," passed March 31, 1835, are hereby repealed.

§ 2. The bank issuing or putting in circulation its own bills, notes, or other evidence of debt, of a denomination less than five dollars, is hereby required to redeem the same in specie, when demanded at its banking house during its regular hours of business; and in case of neglect or refusal so to redeem such bills, notes, or other evidence of debt, the charter of such bank shall not be protected from forfeiture by the law passed May 19, 1837, entitled "An Act suspending for a limited time, certain provisions of law and for other purposes."

§ 3. It shall not be lawful for any corporation, having banking powers in this State, at any time after two years from the passage of this act, to issue, or in any manner put in circulation any note, bill, or other evidence of debt, of any denomination less than two dollars; and it shall not be lawful for any such corporation, at any time after the first day of July, one thousand eight hundred and forty, to issue, or in any manner put in circulation any such bills, notes, or other evidence of debt, of any denomination less than three dollars; and it shall not be lawful for any such corporation, at any time after the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and furty-one, to issue, or in any manner put in circulation, any such bills, notes, or other evidence of debt, of a denomination less than five dollars; nor shall it be lawful for any such corporation, at any time hereafter, to issue, or in any manner put in circulation any such bills, notes, or other evidence of debt, of a denomination between five dollars and ten dollars.

§ 4. Any such corporation violating the foregoing section, shall, upon conviction thereof, forfeit its charter; and the court of chancery may, as also for a violation of the second section of this act, by injunction, restrain such corporation and its officers, from exercising any of its corporate rights, privileges or franchises, and from collecting or receiving any debts or demands, and from paying out, or in any way transferring or delivering to any person, any of the moneys, property or effects of such corporation, until such court shall further order.

§ 5. It shall not be lawful for any person or corporation, to issue, or in any manner circulate as money, at any time after two years from the passage of this act, within this state, any bill, note, or other evidence of debt, purporting to be issued by any body corporate, private bankers, or associations carrying on banking business in any other state, country or province, of a denomination less than two dollars; and it shall not be lawful for any person or corporation, to issue, or in any manner circulate, or attempt to circulate as aforesaid, at any time after the first day of July, 1840, within this State, any such bill, note, or evidence of debt, purporting to be issued by any body corporate of this State, or purporting to be issued by any body corporate, private bankers, or associations carrying on banking in any other state, country or province, of a denomination less than three dollars; nor shall any person or corporation so issue, or in any manner circulate, or attempt to circulate as aforesaid, at any time after the first day of January, 1841, within this State, any such bill, note, or other evidence of debt, purporting to be issued, by any body corporate, private bankers, or associations carrying on banking business in any other state, country or province, of a denomination between five dollars and ten dollars.

§ 6. Any person offending against any of the provisions of the fifth section of this act, shall forfeit, for every offence, five times the nominal value of any such bill, note, or other evidence of debt, to be recovered, with costs of suit, in the name and for the use of any person who shall sue for the same, and prosecute such suit to judgment in any court having cognizance thereof.

§ 7. Any person who shall purchase or take at a discount, any bill, note, or other evidence of debt, purporting to be issued by any banking corporation, or body corporate not chartered by the laws of this State, or by any private bankers, individuals, or associations carrying on banking business in any other state, country or province, and the circulation of which is prohibited by this act, shall, in addition to the forfeiture provided by the sixth section of this act, also forfeit, for every such offence, the sum of fifty dollars, to be recovered, with costs, in the manner provided by the said sixth section: and any incorporated company in this State, that shall, by its officers, agents, or servants, take or receive, in the course of its business, any such bill, note, or other evidence of debt, purporting to be issued by any corporation, not chartered by the laws of this State, private bankers, individuals, or associations carrying on banking business in any other state, country or province, shall, on conviction thereof, forfeit its charter.

§ 8. The seventh section of this act shall take effect after two years from the passage thereof, and the residue thereof shall take effect immediately.

State of New-York, } This bill having been approved and
Secretary's Office. } signed by the Governor of this State, on the 28th day of February, 1838, I do hereby certify that the same became a law on that day.

JOHN A. DIX, Secretary of State.

Temperance Statistics.—A simultaneous meeting of the friends of temperance throughout the Union took place on the 27th ult. From all sections of the country the proceedings of different associations continue to pour in upon us, and we are given to understand that at no period has the efforts of these societies been crowned with more success than the present; and that the cause of humanity is at length destined to triumph over every obstacle. Certainly, no impulse to human improvement—no relief to the social system, has been more universal and effectual in modern times than the temperance reformation.

The New-York State Society held its ninth annual meeting at Albany on the 8th and 9th of February. The number of delegates was 156, from 28 counties. Chancellor Walworth was again elected President.

On the 27th ult. a large and brilliant assemblage attended at the Representatives' Hall in Washington, D.C. at the meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society. Senator Grundy was appointed to the Chair. A number of appropriate resolutions, and among others, several by Messrs. Reed and Briggs, of Massachusetts, were offered, and adopted by the meeting with great unanimity. Mr. Buckingham was introduced, and delivered a very eloquent address.

From different sources we gather the following particulars:—

2,451,000 gallons of distilled spirits have been inspected in this State during the past year, and the number of distilleries have been reduced since 1829 from 1129 to 200.

The Kensington (Pa.) 'Total Abstinence Society' has received an accession of 551 members since the 25th of December last.

Mr. Bancroft, the new Custom-House Collector at Boston, has determined not to appoint or retain in office any person who is in the habit of using ardent spirits.

Mr. Jefferson found that most of the troubles amongst office holders in his time originated in drinking. The Vermont Chronicle draws from this fact the conclusion that no 'drinking man' ought ever to hold any public trust.

Twenty-five millions of bushels of grain are said to be converted annually in this country into intoxicating liquors. No wonder that bread-stuffs are high.

The jubilee meeting of the Temperance Society of the Students of Crosby-street Medical College in this city was held on Tuesday evening, the 27th ult. The society was addressed in an impressive manner by J. Kearney Rodgers, M. D. and Dr. Reese.

There is a man living in New-Hampshire who has consumed from six to ten glasses of rum per day for 36 years—in all, 13 *puncheons*.

A paper published at Ann Arbor, Michigan, says that *one in five* of all the inhabitants of that place are confirmed drunkards. There's room enough for reform at Ann Arbor, in all conscience.

From Parliamentary documents it appears that in Scotland the consumption of ardent spirits is greater, proportionately, than in either England or Ireland. In England the average annual quantity used by each person is *seven* pints, in Ireland *thirteen*, and in Scotland *twenty-three*.

A Liverpool paper says that a philanthropic society in that city offers a thousand pounds to any intemperate young man who will refrain from drinking aught but cold water for the remainder of his life.

We close this compilation with the following extract from an exchange paper. The incident is one of comparatively trifling importance, compared with some which we are almost daily called upon to record.

A child in Baltimore, but *five* years old, observing its father indulging himself with whiskey during the evening, noticed where the bottle was placed, and supposing, probably, from the parent's fondness for the contents, that it must be something very nice, got up in the night and drank so freely of it, that it *died* before morning. If the parent was not hardened against all humanity, what must his feelings have been, and how poignant the goadings of conscience.

The great press of foreign news, which will be found highly interesting, has excluded several articles intended for this week's paper.

Lord Gosford and suite have arrived at Boston, and taken apartments at the Tremont House. The *Pique* frigate, which is commissioned to carry out his Lordship, is reported below at Boston, having lost her topmasts in a recent gale.

The British corvette *Pearl*, under command of Lord Lawrence Paget, arrived at Norfolk from Bermuda on the 1st inst. Lord Paget proceeded immediately to Washington, with despatches for the British Minister.

The Rochester Democrat says, in reply to the charge that an insult was offered the lady of Sir Francis Head while there, "that it is not aware of the citizens having done any thing more than to *look* upon her Ladyship." We presume that a 'titled' personage is somewhat of a curiosity in that 'benighted' region.

Col. Arthur and suite, together with several British officers, arrived here on Thursday last, in the packet ship Samson.

The following question has been proposed for discussion at the Blairsville Lyceum: "Is it expedient for printers to starve to death to oblige their subscribers?" We await the decision of this question with great anxiety, not that we shall 'give up the ghost' if the *affirmatives* carry the day, but we wish to see the matter settled and a precedent established, as the impression seems to be gaining ground that a newspaper is an article you may pay for or not, as best suits your purpose.

Business Prospects in the West.—"The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense," wrote Shakspeare, and the single gentlemen of St. Louis appear to be perfectly aware of the fact. An exchange paper says, "that all the bachelors in that city are about getting married, as they have nothing else to do." This is not an unusual method of "obtaining business" with us, here in Gotham, and the *Celebii* of St. Louis may rest assured that, by adopting the plan, they will soon have their hands full. *

Practical Benevolence.—The Editor of the Boston Transcript, in crossing Hancock-street last week, which was flooded by a thaw, encountered a stranger on an ice bridge, over which but one could pass at a time. To retreat was impossible without plunging into the water. The gentleman deliberately put his hand in his pocket, and drawing forth a cent, exclaimed, "Head or Tail?" "*Tail!*" said the Editor.—"Tail it is," said the stranger, and immediately jumped into the water and waded to the sidewalk. *

"*Republic of Letters*"—It is estimated that there are 32,000,000 of letters and 30,000,000 of newspapers delivered yearly, through the post-office department and it's branches. Nearly a million of the former and over a million of the latter are never taken from their place of deposit, and may be regarded as "*the mere waste paper of mankind*" The number of post-offices in this State alone, is 1746. *

SUMMARY.

The Season at Mobile.—Our Mobile weather just at present, resembles a spoiled and pretty woman. It weeps and smiles every hour, and is, in short, a source of a great deal of misery. [Mobile Chron.

Heavy Capital.—The amount of specie in the Middlesex Bank, as returned by its officers, is *one dollar and ninety seven cents!*

The Bunker Hill Aurora states that Commander Percival has been appointed to the command of the new Sloop of War Cyane, now fitting out at Charlestown.

The Baltimore Gazette of Thursday, contains a communication, recommending the establishing of a line of packets between that port and Liverpool, to consist of four first class ships.

According to an exchange paper, there are no less than eight kinds of kisses. We trust the ladies would give more for a hearty, downright smack, than all the scientific ones afloat.

It is said the banks of Mississippi will ship, this year, from 250 to 275,000 bales of cotton to Europe. The value of 250,000 bales, at $50 per bale, will be $12,500,000; and the profits on the exchange drawn on the shipments at 10 per cent. may be estimated at $1,250,000.

An old gentleman dined at the Hotel at Nashua, N. H., the other day, who was 109 years old—hale and hearty—ready to 'wrestle, fight or run,' with any man of his years! He was from Canada.

The Missouri, at St. Charles is navigated by four horse wagons. [St. Louis Argus.

Natural Coke.—A bed of natural coke, seventeen feet in thickness has been discovered near Richmond, Va. below a bed of Iron ore.

The Ohio was open as far as Cincinnati on the 2d.

The Vicksburg Theatre was closed a few nights in consequence of the mud being so deep in that city.

Dreadful Effect of Sea Sickness.—A newly appointed marine officer, while off Sandy Hook in a gale, was seized with sea sickness of such violence as to cause him immediately to *throw up* his—commission.

Artificial Rubies.—M. Gaudin has presented a report to the Institution of Paris, in which is detailed his mode of proceeding in obtaining artifical robes which resemble in every respect those found in nature.

Exports of Ice.— The ship Henry Tuke sailed from Boston last Monday, with a cargo of four hundred and thirty tons of ice for Vicksburgh, Miss. The Mercantile Journal says it is the largest cargo that ever cleared for the Mississippi. This cooling commodity has been manufactured at the North, in great abundance, within the last fortnight;

Obliging.—The editor of the Wilkesbarre Advocate says that if any woman should be so fortunate as to be left by a worthless husband, and wishes to have the scamp advertised, he will publish him conspicuously and gratuitously.

There is a 'fortune teller' in New York who is said to be making from 30 to 50 dollars a day in disclosing the fortunes of the dupes that flock to him. [N. O. Picayune.

A Poser—It is said that the Greeks have only one physician to every 17,647 inhabitants, while we of the U. States have one for every 200. Greece is a very healthy country, Query—Is the small number of doctors owing to the salubrity, or the salubrity owing to the scarcity of Doctors? That is a doubtful question.

A vote was taken in Georgetown on Wednesday last on the question whether that city should be placed again under the government of Maryland. The vote stood:—

For retrocession	244
Against retrocession	177
Majority for retrocession	67

The Treasury notes issued up to March 1st, under the provisions under the act of Congress of the 12th of October, 1837, amount to $6,518,646 65.

It appears, by the returns made up to the same period, that there has been received for duties and lands, and in payments of debts, about $2,430,250.

Pills.—It is estimated that twelve million boxes of pills are swallowed yearly in the United States, and of this number eight millions are sold by the celebrated Dr. Brandreth.

An Editorial Convention has been proposed at New York.

The export of Cotton from New Orleans to Europe this season exceeds that of last season by 60,000 bales.

Odd.—An advertisement appears in the Poughkeepsie Eagle, from a man who rejoices in the name of *Stiff Millard*, offering a reward of 1000 guineas to any one who will prove that he has a wife.

The *Colored Females* are going to hold a Fair in Albany.

Muscular Strength.—It is asserted by travellers, that a Turkish porter will run along, carrying a weight of 600 lbs. Milo of Cortona, is said to have lifted an ox.

A young woman dressed in male apparel was detected at Baltimore, a few days since, in the act of selling a horse which she had stolen. She stated that she was from England and that she had worn this dress for three years. She refused, however, to give any reason for so singular a taste, or for her occupation of a horse thief.

A sword has been manufactured at Springfield, Mass., for Giant Porter, measuring four feet eight inches.

In the annual report of the interments of the city of Baltimore there are reported *eleven deaths from stabs and blows.*

We understand that in consequence of the hard times, many of the teachers of private schools in our city are reduced almost to a state of starvation. [Portland Orion.

A couple of loafers in New-York wagered their hats upon their comparative capabilities in the way of rum drinking. One of them drank a pint. He won a hat, but lost his life. As the hat was worth more than the life he was of course a gainer—and so was the public. [Prentice.

The Cincinnati Philanthropist hopes that Clermont county will send a Representative to the Assembly next winter, who can tell a *man* from a *dog*.

Ohio.—The number of scholars in the public schools of Ohio, is said to be 107,345.

A Western paper states that the Tea plant has been found to succeed well in the vicinity of Marietta, Ohio.

Bituminous Coal.—A large bed is said to have been found on the south west fork of the Brazos, above the Sabine lake, forming the bank of the river, and from 3 to 4 feet thick. What a prize!

Relief of Indigent Females.—A Joint Stock Company has been formed in Richmond (Va.) with a capital of $5,000, $25 each, for the humane purpose of purchasing materials for poor females to make into garments and then sell them, and thus continue to replenish the treasury for future operations.

It is said that some of the Kentucky gougers wear spurs on their thumb-nails, even as fighting cocks are furnished with gaffs.

In the retreat of the French from Moscow, Count Segur relates the rather singular circumstance of a howitzer shell entering the body of a horse, which burst there, and blew him to pieces, without wounding his rider, who fell upon his legs, and went on!

A Revolutionary Patriot dead.—Major Benjamin Movers, a patriot of the revolution, died at Plattsburg, the 20th inst. at the age of 80 years. He was at the surrender of Burgoine, seige of Yorktown and surrender of Cornwallis, and commanded at the siege of Plattsburg, in the last war.

Sons of John Beware.—George White, of Conn. has recovered of Mr. Goodwin, stage proprietor, $1000, in consequence of plaintiff being run over by defendant's stage; plaintiff being at the time upon crutches from a compound fracture, and the driver it is avered intoxicated.

It appears that there are now outstanding, of the small bills of the banks of this state, rising of $320,000.

The Upper Canada Parliament was to have been prorogued on Tuesday.

Lord Gosford, it was expected, would leave Quebec for Boston on Tuesday last.

It is stated that Captain Gregory has been relieved from the command of the Exploring Expediton.

Specie commands a premium of 4 to 5 per cent in New Orleans.

A destructive fire took place a few days since in Cleveland, Ohio. Total loss of property near $18.000. Chief sufferers W. Brown, O. Cutter, Dockslader & Co.

A Veteran.—Negro Dick a slave, belonging to the estate of the late Doctor Alexander Straith, of this county, closed, a few days since, an earthly career of 108 years' duration—having commenced his pilgrimage in 1730, two years before the birth of Washington.

The National Intelligencer says that the late appropriation of one million of dollars for the Florida war is entirely exhausted. Almost every branch of the Government is going upon tick.

The cotton crop of Texas the last year amounts to about 50,000 bales. This, according to the present prices, is worth about 2,000,000 dollars, which may be considered as the whole amount of the exports of the country.

More printing presses were probably at work in Spain in the infancy of the art, than at the present day. [Prescott.

Old Kaintuck.—"No, stranger! thes's no place on the universal airth like Old Kaintuck, she whips all "out west" in prettiness; and you might bile down creation, and not get such another state out of it.

The Right Rev. Bishop Stone, of the Episcopal diocese of Maryland, died on Feb. 25.

The Albany Banks commenced issuing small notes on Wednesday last.

Mrs. Wirt, widow of the lamented Wm. Wirt is about to publish, at Baltimore, a splended Floral Dictionary, with 58 engravings.

The American Board of Missions have determined to send four Missionaries to the Indians of the Rocky Mountain region.

At Montgomery, at the last dates, no stage had arrived for three weeks, the roads being impassible.

At Mobile, Feb, 25th, cotton was selling at from 7 to 11 cents—freights plenty and vessels scarce

A French Fleet.—*Captain Flanders*, of the ship Rose, who arrived at New Orleans on the 23d ult. reports that on the 4th, off Cape Nicholas Mole, he saw five French man of war vessels, part of the Port au Prince squadron.

Religion in the West.—The Chicago Democrat says:
In our back settlements every man's house is a meeting house. If a minister puts up a house on Saturday night, and makes his profession known, at nine o'clock the next morning he has an audience that for numbers and the portment would do honor to many eastern towns.

The Sergeant at arms of the House of Representatives passed through this city on Saturday last, on his way to New York, with a summons to Colonel Webb to attend at Washington for the purpose of giving testimony before the committee on the late Duel. [Baltimore Chron.

Important Invention.—We sometime since observed that a petition was before the City Council asking the use of a public pump at the corner of Bond and Lancaster streets, in order to test the utility of a new apparatus for the extinguishment of fires. The projector has at length completed it, and yesterday made trial of it, before the City Councils and a number of citizens who had been invited to witness the experiment, and we learn that its performance fully met the anticipations of the inventor, and satisfied those who were present of the utility of the invention for the purpose contemplated. The invention is very simple in its construction, and may be applied, we believe, to any pump,—which may be in a very few minutes converted into a fire engine. The hose is attached to the top of the pump, and in the trial yesterday, water, after passing through 600 feet of hose, was thrown in considerable volume over a two story house—this can be done as long as the pump holds out. [Baltimore Chron.

Rhode Island Banks.—We give the following extract from the R. I. Bank Commissioners' Report, showing the condition of the Banks of that State on the 2d of February:

Total amount of present means of the Banks, $1,279,094 89; total amount of present liabilities of the Banks, $3,474,473 66. Present means are to present liabilities, as 1 is to 2 71-100. Aggregate amount of public indebtedness is to the whole resources of the Banks, as 1 is to 3 5-10.

On comparison with the returns made on the 5th of January last, it appears since that period, the circulation has been reduced $102,381 25; the specie has been increased $8,021 66. The deposites, including dividends unpaid, have been increased $34,468 93; the discounts have been reduced $78,272 48.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, March 1, 1838.

The Treasury Notes issued up to this date, under the provisions of the act of Congress of the 12th of October, 1837, amount to $6,518,946 65.

It appears by the returns made up to the same period, that there has been received for duties and lands, and in payment of debts, about $2,430,250.

LEVI WOODBURY, Secretary of Treasury.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

As was anticipated, we have been completely inundated with floods of news from Europe since our last. The arrival of the *Albany*, which sailed from Havre on the 17th January, and the *Cambridge*, which left Portsmouth on the 16th, puts us in possession of London, Liverpool and Paris dates to the 15th Jan. inclusive. The track of the latter vessel, as traced upon the map, is quite a curiosity. It appears that she was compelled to cross the Gulf Stream three times upon the route; and in performing the distance of 3000 miles, to sail more than 5000. We are given to understand that this ship was not provisioned in the most ample manner, previous to clearing from London, as the passengers were put upon an allowance a week or two before making port.

The Liverpool Cotton Market was without animation, and prices had farther declined from ⅛ to ¼d. per lb.

Stocks were firm, but very little has been done in the market.

Destruction of the Royal Exchange.—This magnificent and venerable edifice was burned to the ground on the night of Jan. 10. It is supposed to have been caused by overheating a stove, the pipe of which came in contact with some wood-work. The fire broke out in Lloyd's Coffee-Room, and in two hours the apartments of the Royal Exchange, the Assurance Company and Underwriters' offices presented one body of flame, illuminating the whole city, and making any object in the neighborhood as visible as at noon-day. The efforts of the firemen were utterly unavailable. The flames spread with great rapidity, and soon reached the splendid tower, nearly 150 feet in height, by which time the whole Exchange was completely enveloped in flames.

The interruption of business occasioned by this calamity will be very great, and the loss is estimated at $1,000,000. Some accounts state that it was insured for $150,000, and others for $320,000. Another edifice is to be erected on the same site, but without shops under it; and in the mean time the merchants will assemble at Guildhall, which has been thrown open for their accommodation.

The original Exchange was burned in the *great* fire of London, in 1662, and was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, during the reign of Charles II. A serious loss to antiquarians is the statues of English Kings, from the time of William the Conqueror, but one of which was saved.

CANADA.—Accounts of the dispersion of the Patriots in Lower Canada, and of Mackenzie's failure and rout in the Upper Province, had reached London. Of the assemblage at Navy Island they had not heard. The English papers are filled with *rumors* from this country, which they appear to be abundantly supplied with by the press and legions of letter-writers.

In general they speak favorably of the course pursued by our Government; indeed, the patriots seem to find quite as much sympathy in England as has been thrown away upon them here. A violent radical meeting was held in London, headed by Messrs. Hume & Roebuck, when resolutions were passed favorable to the pretensions of the insurgents.

Several officers of the British Army came out passengers in the Cambridge, and many more are on board the packets daily expected.

The whole number of troops now under immediate orders for the Canadas, amount to 7,000. The entire regular force will, therefore, be about 12,000. The Cold Stream Guards are on their way with the rest. It is the handsomest looking corps in the world, the officers are all of high families, and the men picked. Some of the papers state that the young ladies at West End will break their hearts if all their beaux go to Canada, such fine dashing fellows are they, that they carry all before them at Almack's.

A large public meeting has been held in Edinburgh "to petition Parliament against the further prosecution of the war in Canada," and recommend a stoppage of "the supplies."

The Spanish Legion are to be sent to America.

Major General Sir George Arthur, the day previous to his departure for the Canadas, was presented with a splendid service of plate, of the value of 1,500 pounds, by the colony of Van Dieman's Land. It would appear by this, that the Colonel was not, after all, such an unpopular Governor as some of the papers have represented him.

The British Government have resolved to suppress the Canada insurrection, at whatever expense of blood and treasure, and in this determination they are, undoubtedly, sustained by at least three-fourths of the people.

The Londoners have been very much agitated by the appearance of '*a ghost.*' What shape it appeared in, is not exactly stated, although the papers are very learned in their disquisitions upon his *spriteship*.

The amount of bullion in the Bank of England (according to the Globe) exceeds £9,500,000. Securities £22,606,000, Circulation £17,900,000, Deposites £10,992,000.

There are some indications of a revival of trade in Manchester, Birmingham, and other large manufacturing towns.

The public revenues of Great Britain have fallen short the last year nearly two millions sterling! Upon the last quarter there is an increase of £213,173. The excise has fallen off to a great amount, near a million. Near six millions will be required to be raised on Exchequer Bills.

American stocks have been more than usually in demand to-day, and advantageous sales have been made of some of the better sorts. The favor shown to these stocks is attributed to the favorable news received from the United States by the last packet. [English paper.

Death of Earl Eldon.—This venerable nobleman died at his place of residence, in Piccadilly, in the 87th year of his age.

The Bank of the U. S. stock is at this time the best remittance that can be made to England.

The Queen's marriage still excites speculation. By almost general consent, Lord Elphinstone's name is not now mentioned, it being known that he is *not* coming back to England. The report now is that she will marry one of her cousins, the Prince of Cobourg—which, by the way, would not be a very popular match in England. A lineal descendant of the last of the Stuarts is also spoken of as the favored man.

Sheridan Knowles and Miss Elphinstone are playing at the Glasgow Theatre. Charles Kean has an engagement at Drury Lane.

A man named Baker, residing near Dewsbury, has invented a sort of cloth composed entirely of glass, of a delicate texture, having much the appearance of silk, and feeling quite as soft. He has presented a portion of it to the Queen, for an apron.

We understand that there are not less than 25,000 members of the Temperance and Tee-total Societies in Liverpool. [Liverpool Telegraph.

Small Tea-Party.—Last night about 800 ladies and gentlemen from the northern and western parishes in and around London, drank tea in the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in commemoration of the establishment of the West London Auxiliary Branch of the new British and Foreign Temperance Society. The effect of such a great body sitting down to tea at the same time was heightened by the addition of a good band of music.

Whether the "*Branch of the Brick Lane Grand Union Junction Ebenezer Tee-total Temperance Society*" was represented at this meeting, we are unable to ascertain.

Disturbances have again broken out in Armaugh, Ireland, and in Kilkenny.

The 'Great Western Steam-Ship' is to sail for America in April.

FRANCE.—*Destruction of the Italian Opera House.*—The Italian Opera House at Paris, where all the brightest stars of song have shone from Pasta to Malibran, was partially destroyed early on the morning of Jan. 15th. The wall on the side of Rue Favart had fallen in; but the back part of the Opera is uninjured. M. Levermi, acting manager, in attempting to let himself down by sheets from his chamber; fell into the street and was killed. Also five of the firemen. The cafe in the Rue Marvaux is entirely destroyed.

The building itself is said to have been fully insured; and the furniture of the theatre was insured for 300,000fr.

The director of the Academie Royale de Musique has handsomely offered the use of that theatre, on alternate nights to the Italian company, and we understand that the offer has been accepted.

At the time the Opera House was burning, the Odeon Theatre took fire, but the flames were soon extinguished.

The *Siecle* states that subscriptions are being organised in several towns of France, for the purpose of enlisting French volunteers for Canada.

The grand ball at the Tuilleries on Wednesday night was exceedingly splendid; it commenced at 8 o'clock, and the company continued arriving till a late hour. Much new furniture was displayed in the galleries and saloons, and the blaze of light produced by the magnificent chandeliers, which are so thickly suspended in all the apartments of the Palace, was dazzling beyond description. More than 4,000 persons were present at this splendid entertainment, among whom were a great number of English, as well as most of the foreigners of distinction now staying in Paris.

A somewhat curious fact, noticed the present year, is, that of all the *fetes* got up by private individuals, those which vied most successfully with the luxury and pomp of royalty, were given by an American purser and an English quack doctor—Col. Thorne and Mr. Morison, of pill notoriety.

Louis Philippe seems entirely free from that dread of the Napoleon family which always haunted the elder branch of the Bourbons. The funeral of the ex-Queen of Holland was attended by the ex-Queen of Naples and many other relatives, and was conducted with great ceremony. Prince Charles Bonaparte waited on the King, on his arrival at Paris, and had an interview of nearly two hours, at which they seemed to be on very good terms; and the Princess Marie, new Duchess of Wirtemburgh, danced at Stuttgardt with a son of Jerome Bonaparte.

The last accounts from Africa were considered favorable. The health of Marshal Vallee had been re-established, and it was hoped he would be able to remain in the government. The greater part of the emigrants had returned to Constantine, business had been resumed, and the native shops were thrown open.

The French papers say that a Governor must be sent out to Africa with 'absolute power;' adding that, without it, colonization would be impossible. There were 9,500 troops in the colony—4,500 in Constantine.

The army of Achmet no longer existed. The Bey was at a place 4 days journey from the city, and obliged to conceal himself; but an enemy of his had promised to bring him in, dead or alive. The population of Constantine, before the French took possession of it, was from 45,000 to 50,000, when they entered it, there were only 1000; and at the time of the above news leaving, there were 30,000. There are 1700 houses. The ramparts are repaired, and crowned with 40 mortars.

A young man, well clothed, threw himself from the top of the Cathedral at Strasbourg on Wednesday last, and fell upon one of the stone posts in the square in front, close by a lady, who would certainly have been killed had he touched her. His body was much mutilated, but his features remained uninjured.

Mr. Stevenson, the American Minister at London, accompanied by Mrs. Stevenson, arrived yesterday evening from England at the hotel of General Cass, on a short visit to Paris during the holidays.

Assassination of a Mayor.—On the 7th January Monsieur Brun, Mayor of Bordeaux, was shot near his house by a man named Clerac. The assassin then put the muzzle of another pistol in his mouth and shot himself.

Shipwreck of the Antelope.—The Havre Journal of the 9th Jan. contains an account of the loss of the American ship Antelope, Captain Law, 400 tons, from St. Petersburg to New-York, on the night of Nov. 1, at Cronstadt. Crew saved.

The funeral ceremonies in memory of the late Duchess of St. Leu (Ex Queen of Holland) took place at Rueil with much pomp.

M. Barrio Ayso was chosen, Jan. 2, President of the Chambe of Deputies.

French Commerce.—It is stated that the tonnage of French vessels employed in the commerce of that kingdom, is 611,940 tons, while the tonnage of the United States amounts to nearly 2,009,000 and that of Great Britain to 2,100,000. The shipping owned in London is 573,000 tons, in New-York 300,000 tons. In Havre, the most important seaport in France, the shipping owned is 78,187, in Marseilles, 71,414, in Bordeaux, 71,001, in Nantz, 58,604. It will therefore be seen more tons of shipping are owned in New-York, than in the four principal seaports in France—and London owns almost as much shipping as is owned in the whole kingdom of France.

The Duc de Bordeaux is said to be a very accomplished young man. He was educated partly in Edinburgh, whither Charles X. went after the Revolution of 1830. He looks forward, howevever remotely, to the chance of accident replacing him on the throne of the Bourbons.

The thermometer at Havre, on the 9th Jan was down to 6 deg.

A Railroad is projected from Paris to the sea, by Frescamp, in Normandy.

Dreadful Tragedy in Paris.—A Monsieur Obry, whose wife lived in the Rue Richelieu, and from whom he had been for some time separated, entered her shop on the 11th January, and shot her with a pistol. He escaped into the back premises, and shot himself.

Russia.—*Burning of the Palace at St. Petersburgh.*—The winter palace of the Emperor of Russia, at St. Petersburgh, was destroyed by fire on the night of Dec. 29th. The Empress and ladies of court took refuge in the hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs; and the Emperor and his two sons personally assisted in endeavoring to extinguish the flames. The building was totally destroyed; but none of the adjoining edifices injured. The Emperor and family afterwards established their residence at the palace of Anitschkofft.

Some of the accounts state that while the winter palace was burning, the water from the engines froze in the pipes. Thermometer 24° below zero. This palace was the largest in Europe. 12,000 persons lodged in it. It contained many treasures of the fine arts, collected by the different sovereigns; and the sight of so many works of art in a rapid progress of destruction, is said to have drawn tears from the Emperor. Estimated loss, 25,000,000 of roubles.

The Russian army in the Caucasus has met with a severe check between Derbent and Borunaki, losing 2000 men. Gen. Rosen is dismissed by the Emperor, and Gen. Hoven of the staff succeeds him. Hoven or Rosen is all the same to the expert horsemen of Circassia. Gen. Schyhoff, famous for his faith in the Knout, has also been sent out.

According to the official returns, the population of Russia and dependencies amounted, in 1836, to upwards of 60,000,000 of souls, without including the subalterns of the army and navy absent on leave, the soldiers discharged, the inhabitants of the Caucasus between the Caspian and Dead Seas, or the tribes of Siberia and Orenburg, which are estimated at 1,445,000. In the course of the year 1826, 352 Serfs were enfranchised by their lords. The number of these freemen at the last census, amounted to 67,736.

The health of the King of Prussia was failing fast, and we shall probably next hear of his death. His successor is alleged, by the political gossips of France and England, to be much under the influence of Russia.

A Warlike Report.—By the Tagus steamboat, at Falmouth from Gibraltar, Dec. 31st, we learn there was a rumor to the effect that a Russian army had moved against the Turks; and that a Russian fleet was about to enter the Mediterranean.

Spain.—There is but little news from this country worth repeating. The severe winter has nearly suspended operations on both sides. Cordova is to be sent ambassador to England. It is rumored that the French Government are about to take an active part in favor of the Queen.

The Spanish Government, alarmed for the preservation of the island of Cuba, where revolutionary symptoms had manifested themselves, have a squadron, composed of a frigate, a corvette, and a brig, to sail immediately from Ferrol for the Havannah. The exclusion of the colonists from the metropolitan Congress, and the announcement of an intention, on the part of Spain, to deprive them of the benefit of the constitution, and to govern them by special laws, would considerably add to the general discontent. The present Captain-General, Tacon, is to be replaced by General Espelata.

Emigration.—The state of emigration from England, may be judged of by the return from Liverpool. We annex an abstract from the 7th May, 1833, to the 30th December 1837, of *all* emigrants who have left the port of London to settle in our colonies, and in the United States. From the whole return, it appears that there were 1,416 ships, with a tonnage of 936,336 tons, and 26,495 seamen, employed in carrying from the shores of Britain 112,172 persons, of all ages and sexes. It will strike the most indifferent observer, that out of that large number from one port, only 8,379 have gone to the Canadas and British colonies in North America, whilst the large number of 99,635 have gone to the United States of America. [London Sun.

Important.—The important discovery was made just as the last packet was sailing from London, that Queen Victoria was rather *weak in the ancles!* We had an aunt afflicted in the same way. [Picayune.

A wag in Boston says that the banks ought to be *wound up*, as they have been *run down* a long time. [Ibid.

Advent of Great Men.—Mr. Clay was born in 1777, Mr. Harrison in 1773, and Mr. Webster in 1782.

NEW-YORK.

TO OUR PATRONS AND THE PUBLIC.

The great commercial revulsion of last year, and the ruinous derangement of the currency consequent thereon, combined with the great inconvenience to which we were subjected by the suppression of Small Notes, absolutely forced upon us an enhancement of our price, originally too low for such a paper as we have endeavored to present. These evils have in part ceased; we trust they will soon cease altogether. Under that impression, we now make the following modifications of our terms of subscription, viz:—For our Quarto edition, Three Dollars and a Half in advance, Five Dollars for a year and a half, three copies a year for Ten Dollars, or five copies a year for Fifteen Dollars. Our Folio paper will be afforded for Two Dollars and a Half per annum in advance; five copies for Ten Dollars. These terms apply to payments in advance only.

NEW AGENTS.

George M. Phillips, Esq. kindly accepts the Agency of the New Yorker at Carlisle, Pa.

Mr. Wm. Van Vleck, also, at Paterson, N. J.

Carlyle's History of the French Revolution.—We are not among the number of that 'fit audience though few,' who listen with mouths agape and ears intent to every word that falls from that great English-German philosopher, Thomas Carlyle. We do not believe that he is the sole literary luminary of the age, and that all other authors are but twinkling stars, seen only in those intermittent times of darkness, when this blazing sun chooses to shroud his beams. We believe on the contrary that his light, brilliant as it is, has not quenched one single ray that shone from the firmament of fame, and that all co-ordinate lustres will continue to corruscate in their places, with beams unshorn and undiminished. Scott and Byron and even Rogers and Campbell will be no less Scott and Byron and Rogers and Campbell because Carlyle is and will be Carlyle. The truth is that this new planet shines in its own peculiar sphere, with an original glory which is none the less distinguishable because it does not eclipse its companion orbs.

We make these remarks in consequence of that absurd spirit which is abroad, to depreciate the merits of old authors for the purpose of aggrandizing a new. So loud were the praises bestowed on Carlyle, and so completely did they absorb the admiration of a certain literary coterie in this country, during the sojourn among us of Miss Martineau, that that observing person stated in her 'Society in America' that 'Sartor Resartus' was more read than the work of any other modern English writer. Now we verily believe that nineteen-twentieths of the reading community never saw 'Sartor Resartus' to this day! It went through but two small editions, and may now be found, we doubt not, in any reasonable quantity at the booksellers'.

This later production of the same author will be more extensively known, not on account of its superior merits, but from the more interesting and popular character of its subject. It can never, however, be a *popular* book. Its new, strange, and *explosive* style, will frighten away many, after they glance at its first pages. We might as well expect a most complex and difficult overture to a new opera to catch the ear of a public used to "God save the King" and "Yankee Doodle" as to suppose that a style, so unfamiliar and so bold, could at once captivate the attention of uninitiated readers. It is and will be 'caviare to the general.' At least, several years must elapse and a whole horde of imitators crowd in and out, before the common mind can be made to comprehend the beauties of this remarkable prose epic. It is indeed poetry. D'Israeli's 'Wondrous Tale of Alroy' does not more ridiculously violate, than this 'History' sublimely sets at nought, all the settled rules of prose composition. To 'parse' its sentences would puzzle the most learned college of grammarians. The usual components are oftener 'understood' than 'expressed.' Nouns and expletives are heaped together in a most glorious melee, and to parade them into serried columns would shatter the nerves of the most assiduous tactician. And yet, when we come closely to consider the grand design of the author, order rises out of chaos, and system rolls around system, with a regularity which indicates the operation of a master-mind. Passages in the work will be cited and admired; but the difficulty which it presents to analysis will confine the whole to a small circle of readers. Yet we would earnestly commend the work. It is remarkable throughout. A wide atmosphere of thought is compressed into a narrow boundary of words. These words are linked and rivetted together with vast strength.—Take them away, and the thoughts would expand over twenty times the space, and be more easily comprehended. In fine, the chief power of our author seems to lie in conveying by a single expression, felicitously introduced, a more perfect idea of a character or an event than could be imparted by the usual diffuse method in more sentences than words, as the latter are melted down in his crucible.

We could go on extending our notice to a review. We arrest our pen in the trust that it has excited some curiosity for a sight of the book. We are indebted for our own copy, by the way, *not* to the liberality of the Boston publishers. This is a quality of disposition, which is seldom exhibited in the quarter from which these two neat volumes were issued.

The Tourist in Europe.—The title-page explains this attractive-looking little book to be "a concise summary of the various routes, objects of interest, &c. in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Belgium and Holland; with hints on time, expenses, hotels, conveyances, passports, coins, &c.; memoranda during a tour of eight months in Great Britain and on the continent in 1836." We are not aware of any previous publication in our country like this; and it will be found to supply an important desideratum. No one, leaving the country with the intention to travel in Europe, should depart, unprovided with one or two copies. For the trifling expense of their purchase, he may perhaps save himself much cost and labor. The rates of charge in the various cities and across the countries which 'a tourist in Europe' will visit, will be here found set down in a most satisfactory manner. Moreover, many a dull hour on shipboard or in solitary travel can be pleasantly whiled away in the perusal of the entertaining letters which make up more than half the volume. They are written in an off-hand, familiar, easy style, without pretending to any depth of philosophical observation; and it would be found amusing to compare one's own impressions with those of our intelligent, agreeable tourist. (Published and for sale by Wiley & Putnam, Broadway.)

Humbugs of New-York, by D. M. Reese, M. D.—To enter into any discussion of the merits of this book, or to attempt to rebut any of the arguments which it oracularly puts forth, would be in vain.—The critic would get his "labor *for* his pains," and be accused of favoring some one of the Humbugs which the Doctor has set himself so seriously to expose. If, for instance, we should say, that the remarks on Animal Magnetism and Phrenology were made in the most unphilosophical spirit and with an ignorance of facts which display a total want of research, we should be gagged with the accusation of "You are among the humbugged—you then are as big fools as other people." Not to avert such gentlemanly speeches, but to inspire our readers with some confidence in our opinion of this exposition of Humbuggery, we declare that we are not apt to be credulous. Considerable sad experience of the deceitfulness of the world has rendered us distrustful. Thank Heaven, however, our distrust does not sink into suspicion. We have not yet been so grossly taken in, as to lead us to doubt the veracity of every man who cannot reduce his assertions to mathematical certainty. That there is some truth in Phrenology and some in Animal magnatism, no intelligent person can for a moment doubt if he has looked at all into facts.

With regard to Phrenology, the Doctor falls into the vulgar error of supposing that it merely refers to the formation of the head—and that, instead of simply including, it *is* Craniology. Now Craniology is a small part of the whole science. There are common truths in it which every day's experience evinces. Take, for instance, the natural language of a person. We constantly judge of people by their external behavior. We call this man, benevolent,—that man haughty,—another vain, and so on, simply from an observation of manners. This judgment is a part of Phrenology—and to condemn a whole science which involves some of the commonest truths, is an evidence of a distorted mind.

So also in Animal Magnetism there are notorious facts, which cannot be contradicted. That magnetic slumber has and may be induced by human agency has been evinced again and again, and the best professors of science in Europe, do not pretend to question it. Whether there is anything in Clairvoyance may well be doubted; but that is nothing to our purpose. *It is sufficient for criticism to* show that our author indulges in wholesale denunciation of that which is proved to be partially true.

The justness of his observations on "Quackery" in general is easily appreciable. Here the Doctor seems to be on familiar ground; and in what he says of Homoeopathy and the practices of Empirics, he seems to be master of his subject. His strictures on the Ultraism of the day, would be more useful if advanced in a somewhat different spirit. It strikes us that the *general* spirit in which the book is written, will be the greatest obstacle to its success. It was a valiant thing in the doughty Doctor to arm himself from top to toe to go out on a knight errant's cruise against all giant humbugs; but he need not, Don Quixote-like, have attacked windmills and sheep, as if they were huge castles and fiery dragons.

The Knickerbocker for March is an unusually large and rich number. As a whole, perhaps a better, or more various, has never been issued of the work. The first article, 'Scandinavian Literature and Antiquities,' gives us specimens of Icelandic poetry, historical sagas, maxims of the Northmen, &c., and contains proofs that the Northmen visited America before Columbus. This subject is attracting much attention. The dissertation on 'Clams,' is after the manner of some of Lamb's fanciful trifles. That is a good idea of having a tame oyster, to follow one about, like a dog! The writer does not fritter down his subject, but 'gracefully closes his clam-shell,' at the proper time and place. Mr. Buckingham continues his 'Scenes and Adventures in the East.' The descriptions of the sand-tempest in the Great Desert of El Ouadi, the desert Garden, or Oasis, and the swarming and picturesque Bedouin camp, are in the 'Orientalist's best style. "Life and Opinions of Job Doolittle," by the humorous author of 'Yankee Notions,' is very pleasant light reading. The reader must needs laugh; to produce which effect was doubtless the benevolent object of 'Timothy Titterwell, Esq., of Merry-go-Nimble Court.' The 'Second Age' of Shakspeare is admirable. The pathos of the close, descriptive of a dying boy, is most natural and touching. 'Wilson Conworth' is the next article. As usual, the writer gives us much agreeable gossip, describing the western country, and dwelling particularly upon the Friends, of Pennsylvania, their principles and character, and the charming natural spots in which they are so fond of nestling. The first number of a new series, entitled 'Letters from Lucius M. Piso, at Rome, to Fausta, daughter of Gracchus, at Palmyra,' by the author of the popular 'Palmyra Letters,' follows in order. If the succeeding numbers redeem the promise of this first

they will prove not less acceptable than the Palmyra series. "Olla-podiana" worthily follows, with original poetry by the writer, and also a lamented friend, and fun, description, pathos, &c., in 'Olla-pod's well-known rambling manner; ending with a long and excellent poem, by his friend, the 'Summer's Morning Monster,' whom Ex-President Jackson regards with such fervid affection. A review of 'Rejected Addresses,' and 'Warreniana,' by the same authors, is the closing paper. It is an exceedingly amusing melange and will cause many a hearty cacchination. The poetry of the number is good. 'The Forest Tree,' by Mr. A. B. Street, a favorite contributor to the American Monthly, is an imaginative and beautiful effusion. The original poem by Thomas Campbell, from the forthcoming illustrated copy, which may soon expected in this country, is worthy of his best days. The Literary Notices are brief, and few in number. They are, however, in the right spirit.

The Girl's Reading-Book, by Mrs. Sigourney.—This seems to us a valuable little compilation of prose and verse for the use of young ladies. Some of it appears to be original and some selected from the former productions of the accomplished author, whose name on its title-page should be its sufficient recommendation. Parents may well feel a confidence in the proper instruction of their children when the preparation of elementary books is intrusted to hands so throughly fitted to the task. (Published by J. Orville Taylor, 128 Fulton-st.)

Mr. William H. Simmons.—This gentleman's Lectures before the Mercantile Library Association have imparted universal gratification. His praise is great not only with the crowd but also 'in mouths of wisest censure.' New-York audiences rarely have an opportunity to listen to such beautiful elocution. It falls upon the ear with the distinct melody of a deep toned bell, yet with a cadence as melodious as that which proceeds from a skilfully-played instrument. No higher compliment could be paid to it than that which is implied in the breathless attention of his auditory. We believe it was Garrick who said that deep silence was a much nobler praise than loud applause.

It is not a rare thing, in this age of amelioration, to hear a good speaker, or to read the words of a good writer; but it is a very rare thing to see good speaking and good writing combined in the same individual. Mr. Simmons's elocution is merely the gloss and garniture of an elegant style. He clothes strong, original thoughts in new and striking garbs; and the best possible taste directs and presides over the accomplishments of his pen.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier.—Not for *confounding* the name of this entertaining hebdomadal with that of its stupid cotemporary, the *Weekly Messenger*, do we apologize, for we did not confound them; but for writing in our beautiful chirography, with careless and indiscriminate haste, one name *instead* of the other, we humbly ask the Courier's forgiveness. From a recent examination of both journals, we can hardly hope that such forgiveness will be extended; no greater wrong could be done to the Saturday Courier than to mistake for it the *Philadelphia Weekly Messenger*. The fathers of this latter *weakly* will therefore pocket our remarks of last week headed "*Terribly Severe*," with the assurance that the reason of our blunder lay in our not taking the pains to look at the outside of their printed abomination.

"*Burton's Anatomy.*"—We are informed (we have not seen the paper) that subsequently to the first abuse bestowed upon us by the Philadelphia Weekly Messenger, we have formed the mark of more blackguardism from the literary loafer who conducts that priut and the *Gentleman's* Magazine. Now, as we happen to have the consciousness of having discharged a duty in scaring the viper, he may 'bite against the file' as much as he pleases. We see that the Philadelphia Editors demean themselves in 'damning with faint praise' this literary mountebank, who, we understand, is also an actor at some theatre, and would be called in England a vagabond in fact as well as by statute. We dislike to soil our fingers with such filth, but cannot forbear favoring the stage-buffoon with a hint. The New-York Mirror has invited his performances to this city. Whether the Editors of that journal are most partial to Mussulmen or Christians, it matters not; but the good people of Gotham will be found to be opposed to *bigamy* in general, and even the Jack-tars will not allow of "a wife in each port," *with the ceremony*. Perhaps this "Gentleman" Editor may accept of the Mirror's invitation and play at one of our theatres. LET HIM TRY IT!

English Magazines.—By the late arrivals we have received a delightful batch of January Magazines—viz. Blackwood, Colburn's New Monthly, the Metropolitan, Fraser, Tait, the Court Magazine, and the London Athenæum. From these our readers may anticipate a fund of amusement. We shall wholly occupy next week's outside form in giving entertaining extracts, as well as our opinion of the various numbers. The Poetry is much below the order of the fugitive verses which appear in our journals. We shall extract all the best of it. We have also Galignani's Messenger up to the latest Paris dates.

Mr. Littell's Magazines.—These are made up of selections from the British Reviews and Magazines—the one called 'The Museum' being of the larger size, published at six dollars a year, and the other, called the 'Spirit of the Magazines and Annuals,' which is made up of the lighter matter of the Museum and published at $3 a year. The selections appear to us not to be made in the best possible taste; although perhaps there are good papers enough to make the publications worth the price which is asked for them. The numbers for March are received.

"AURORA *now, fair daughter,*" &c.—Dear sirs! here we have it! Sitting in our editorial chair last evening, 'chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancies,' a missile, containing the following, was put into our hands. It was a curiously shaped epistle—a sort of imperfect square, having our name in zig-zag lines on its surface, written as if with the point of one of our sororal friends', the old maids, 'eternal knitting-needles.' It was from an 'old maid,' a veritable antique spinster, a fossil remain of virginity. It was signed 'AURORA.' She did not, however,

'Sprinkle with rosy light the *snowy* lawn'

of her foolscap letter-sheet; but with ebon ink, tracked over the dingy paper, as if with crows' feet, her eminently satirical observations! How ungrateful! When we so dote on old maids—to accuse us of disappointment in matrimonial designs! We solemnly conjure *a roarer* (Aurora, we mean) not to make herself wretched. We are guiltless of wishing to "frighten any fair one into the bonds of wedlock." We therefore give all 'rash maids' the benefit of her objurgation. Avoid us, ye Clorindas! Shun our baneful presence, ye Arabella Sophonisba Wilhelminas! Flutter, ye doves!—be mute, ye birds of song!

'Oh ladies, beware of an *ugly old* knight;
He loves and he rides away!'

Chivalry is defunct. "Arrah!—but Rory, my honey, why did you seal your dilicate litter with your thimble?"

To the Editor of the New Yorker, who kindly refused 'to publish an article ridiculing old maids.'

How nobly disinterested thou art! Truly, thou dost merit the thanks of the ladies for thy chivalrous devotion to their cause! Thy noble generosity in the defence of the fair entitles thee to rank almost as high as the immortal Don Quixote. We will not, however, disparage that half crazed knight by such a comparison; for although his head was wrong, his heart was not.

Spirit of chivalry!—thou hast fled! But this is the age of improvement, and a modern fine gentleman thinks to gain a trophy by aiming the shafts of his witticism at those whom he affects to consider 'as desolate as Palmyra.' What a heroic achievement!—worthy of a modern knight, who is too generous to hear 'old maids unkindly ridiculed!'—who entertains for them such 'deep feelings of compassionate respect!' We pity him very much; he must have done 'great violence to his own feelings.'

What could have been the motive to have incited him to so valiant an exploit? We think it must have been to endeavor to frighten some timid fair one into the bonds of wedlock, his assertion of partiality to celibacy notwithstanding. Oh, ye gods! save the rash maid from so fatal a step! He would not prove true knight to her, when he is so false to the laws of chivalry.

Rather than to unite her fate with his, she had better 'be a floating lily in the midst of a standing pool,' even if 'boys should throw stones at her,' and witless men should try to signalise themselves, too, by so magnanimous an employment.

AURORA.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

William Kent, Esq. a son of Chancellor Kent, has received the appointment of Law Professor in the New-York University. It is conceded by all that a better selection could not have been made.

A Committee of the New-York City Banks have made a report, in which they say that these institutions will resume specie payments on or before the 10th of May next.

The City Inspector reports the death of 151 persons during the week ending March 3—of consumption 33, convulsions 19, inflamation of the lungs 20.

The 'Whig' Ward Meetings for nominating a committee to select candidates for Charter Officers, were well attended on Monday evening last, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. More enthusiasm prevailed than is usual on such occasions, which indicates that the forthcoming contest will be a severe one. The 'Democrats,' so far from being either *dead* or asleep, are secretly organizing their forces; and if they are unsuccessful, it will not be for the want of vigilance.

Seamen's Money.—A report has got into extensive circulation, that there is a serious defalcation in the funds belonging to seamen. The hard earnings of this meritorious class of men, which they pay on arrival, are paid into the hands of the Commissioners of Health, who are Doctors Smith, Cutter and Manley. The report is, that the former is largely deficient, and that the Chancellor has laid an injunction on his property. [Express.

Caution to Jurors.—Judge Betts, of the U. S. Supreme Court, ordered a fine of $25 each to be imposed upon fifteen jurymen, who were absent when their names were called on Monday last.

A large meeting of the Merchants, Traders and Mechanics who approve the design of our Banks to resume specie payment, took place on Thursday last at the Exchange. Resolutions were passed expressing their confidence in the solidity of the Banks, and approving of their intention to resume specie payment on or before the 10th of May next.

The Daily Express announces the arrival in this city of Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, President and Commander-in-Chief of all the Canadas.

The Banks in this city have commenced the issue of Small Bills. We look upon them as harbingers of returning prosperity.

Hon. Alexander H. Everett, of Boston, Mass. has accepted the invitation of the Peithessophian Society of Rutgers College, to deliver the address before the literary societies of that institution on the day preceding the next annual commencement, July 18.

Meteorological.—The severe spell of *cold* from which we have just emerged, leads us to believe that there is, after all, about as much of winter in one year as another. The past week has favored us with all sorts of temperatures. A more lovely day than Tuesday last was never seen, but since then the wind has been mostly from the north-east, and we have had nothing but snow, hail and rain with constant variations.

Oratorio.—We were prevented from attending the oratorio given by the New-York Sacred Music Society on Thursday evening for the benefit of the poor, but understand that it was, as usual, crowded to overflowing. The performance of Mrs. Morley, Mrs. Sutten, Mr. Shepard and Mr. Munsen, is highly spoken of. So popular has this society become, that the mere announcement of a concert is always sufficient to insure a large and respectable audience.

New Papers.—A new daily, entitled 'The Morning Chronicle,' has just been issued at the corner of Aan and Nassau sts. The paper is a beautiful specimen of typography, and is made up after the English style. From the evidence of ability which its editorial columns exhibit, there cannot be a doubt about its success.

We have received the prospectus of a new literary paper soon to be published at Columbus, Ohio, under the title of the 'Hesperian,' by W. D. Gallagher and Otway Curry. These gentlemen are favorably known in the more *flowery* walks of literature, and are capable of rendering their publication highly interesting.

A medical gentleman at Cincinnati has issued proposals for a paper to be entitled '*The Literary Pill-Box.*'

Malte Brun (says a Wilmington paper) estimates the population of the Globe at 650,000,000. But in this calculation *five* children, which were presented by a lady of that city to her husband, *at one birth*, are not included.

"*A Mere Circumstance.*"—A Cincinnati daily paper states, that "not a single steamboat has been either snagged or blown up since our last." He, however, keeps the head, "*Steamboat Accidents*," standing, as it is called for almost every morning.

"*Something Like.*"—A ball, which was given in Cincinnati for the Mechanics' Institute, produced $3,700, exclusive of considerable sums which were sent to the fund on the same night.

Economical, Very.—The sum total of salaries paid to state officers, of all grades, in N. Jersey, amounts to but $10,000 per annum.

Pigeons.—The Raleigh (N. C.) Register says, "The woods are crowded with myriads of these birds. We heard of one flock so large that when roosting they covered an area nearly two miles in length and one in breadth." A sporting Editor in Ohio states that they are quite as numerous in the vicinity of Guernsey. It appears that he charged a large musket with *two gills* of shot, and sallied out in quest of

wherewithal to make a nice pie for a Sunday dinner. Planting himself against a pine, he shut his eyes, clenched his teeth, and pulled the trigger—but, instead of killing pigeons, came very near killing himself. He accuses '*long Tom*' of foul play, and declares that the gun not only knocked him down, but "kicked him *three times* after he was down."

THEATRES.

We have not been favored with the light of any other *stars*, during the past week, than those which have been *twinkling* for some time past.

At the Park, Mrs. Shaw and Mr. Neafie have played alternately.—The former appeared on Saturday last, as *Constance*, in the 'Love Chase,' a part in which she has no superior; since then she has performed *Julia* in the 'Hunchback,' *Marianna* in the 'Wife,' and *Hamlet*.—Her personations are highly commended by the critics, and indeed we look upon her as an actress possessing much greater ability than fame has given her credit for. Mr. Neafie, the *debutante*, played *Richard* for his benefit last evening, and acquitted himself much better than was expected by his friends. Mr. N. is a young mechanic of this city, possessing many excellent qualities for an actor, but limited advantages of education.—This defect he will overcome, in a great measure, by application, and we have not a doubt but in time his rank in the profession will be quite an enviable one.

At the National Mr. Hamblin is running through his line of tragic characters with great success. His performance of Virginius is highly spoken of, and his Coriolanus is said to be a most finished piece of acting. We never considered Mr. H. as equal to many others we have seen in the character of Hamlet, although the daily papers speak very highly of the manner in which he played the part on Thursday evening. The "Miller and his Men" is in preparation at this theatre, and will be brought out with great splendor.

The Cause of Education in Mississippi is likely to receive a new impulse from the labors of an Education Convention, which assembled at Jackson on the 8th ult. A constitution had been adopted and the subject of common schools was under consideration at the latest dates.

Good News for Laborers.—A Texian letter writer says, that the mechanics there obtain from $5 to $8 per day; out of that their board costs them from $10 to $12 per week. To those who may not wish to leave the United States, we call the attention of the following:

"William Wall, acting commissioner of the Hocking Valley Canal, Lancaster, Ohio, advertises for two thousand hands, to whom liberal wages will be given. A large amount of heavy stone masonry is to be done upon the work."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

It is contemplated to build a hotel at the west end of London capable of accommodating 1,200 persons to Cost $500,000.

The Augsburg Gazette of January 6 says that the plague was increasing at Odessa, and that the inhabitants were in a state of dreadful consternation.

Arrivals in London from Asia, bring news that by a degree in Cochin-China, the introduction of Christianity into that country was prohibited on pain of death.

The number of letters chargeable with postage that pass through all the post offices of Great Britain in a year, is about 89,000,000; ditto franked, 7,400,000; number of newspapers 30,000,000. The annual expenses of all kinds are £695,562.

The Swedish government has recently issued an edict, putting a stop to the cruel custom of confining children with their parents when committed to prison. Infants will still accompany their mothers.

An Extraordinary Meteor.—The Liverpool Chronicle contains an account of an immense meteor, which had fallen about 60 leagues from Rio Janeiro, as large as a balloon. It shivered to peices, and the aerolites (meteotic stones) were buried deep in the sand. It was accompanied with a noise like thunder. One piece of the stone weighed 80 lbs. No human lives lost; but several cattle killed.

Chance of Ministery in Greece—Advices from Athens, of the 20th ult. announce that M. Rudhart, the Prime Minister of Greece, and all the Bavarian functionaries had been dismissed by the King.

Baron Lionel de Rothschild was on the 13th ult. appointed by the Cabnet of Vienna Consul-General *ad interim* for Austria, in England.

We are happy to hear that some of our largest American houses have, within the last few days, given out orders to the manufacturers to a considerable extent; and it is confidently anticipated that the spring trade with the United States will be a brisk one. [Birmingham Advertiser.

London.—Out of the 4 or 5000 persons sliding on the Serpentine River, Hyde Park, two only were drowned, a female and an Irishman.

Rome, Dec. 26.—His holiness seems very naturally to incline to the Archbishop of Cologne against the Prussian government, to whose minister he seems reluctant to give audience.

Italy.—We learn from Pisa, 29th December, that an affray had taken place in that city between some Greek and Italian students, several of whom were more or less seriously wounded.

The London Morning Herald says, that the Thames above London Bridge was choked with large blocks of ice; and that if the cold continued, the river would be no longer navigable.

The relations between Holland and Belgium remain as they were.

The Guerillas of Portugal are said to be suppressed.

LITERARY.

The publishers are gradually coming forward with new books and announcements of 'literary novelties.' As yet, Bentley and Colburn are running more against each other than any others.

'*Men of Character*'—a new work in 3 vols. consisting of humorous sketches by Douglass Jerrold, is soon to appear. The same author has a novel in preparation entitled '*Nell Gwynne*.'

Thomas Miller, the basket-maker, announces a new romance to be called 'Royston Gower,' or the days of King John.

James, the novelist, has brought out his Life of Louis XIV. The work is a dry one.

Mrs. Trollope is again in the field with a work entitled 'Vienna and the Austrians,' with etchings by Harview.

Popular Education Insured.—The Emperor of Austria has issued a decree, "That no person, male or female, *shall be married*, who cannot read, write, cypher, and make out and cast up a common account."

Some interesting archaiological researches are making by M. Mas in the Hautes Alpes, where that gentleman has discovered numerous coins of the Early and Lower Empire. He has lately found several new traces of the Roman road running from Arles to Vienna, as well as many votive altars, lamps, and other articles.

Mr. O'Connell's head is reported by the phrenologist, Mr. Smith, of Edinburgh, to be the largest ever seen in the United Kingdom. [Dublin Post.

The Planet Saturn.—The Leipsic Gazette announces a discovery, made by Dr. Encke, Professor of Astronomy at Berlin, that the planet Saturn has three rings, instead of only two, as hitherto believed.

The following memorandum is found in Sir Walter Scott's Note-Book, made during his last visit to Paris:

"Visited Princess Galitzin, and also Cooper, the American novelist. This man, who has shown so much genius, *has a good deal of the manners, or want of manners, peculiar to his countrymen.*"

Combe, the great phrenologist, is about to visit America.

Married,

On Sunday evening last, in the First Christian Chapel, by Elder Isaac N. Walter, William A. Gambs to Miss Mary V. Winslow—all of this city.

On the 2d inst. by Rev. Dr. De Witt, William Campbell to Miss Catharine Sexton—all of this city.

At New Germantown, N. J. on the 1st inst. by Rev. H. N. Pohlman, J. P. S. Miller to Miss Elizabeth C. Lambert, both of that place.

At Gilbertsville, Otsego Co. on the 20th ult. by Rev. Mr. Waterbury, N. C. Chapman, of Norwich, Chenango Co. to Miss Elizabeth A. daughter of Joseph T. Gilbert, Esq. of the former place.

At Norwich, Chenango Co. on the 22d ult. by Rev. Mr Sessions, J. G. Thorp, of Oxford, to Miss Amelia S. Chapman of the former place.

On the 19th inst. Eliphalet R. Buckley, Jr. Esq. to Miss Sophia, daughter of Joshua Conklin, Esq. all of Backhaven, Conn. after a long and edious courtship, which they bore with Christian fortitude.

Died,

On Monday, after a protracted illness, Julia, eldest daughter of John Redfield, aged 23.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Susannah Pettinger, aged 31.

On Wednesday, Ophelia, wife of J. De Angelis, aged 26.

On Thursday, Mrs. Sophia Lee, aged 70.

At Henderson, Jefferson Co. on the 22d ult. Almira, wife of Dr. Lowrey Barney.

At Springfield, Mass. on the 3d instant, William Bliss, aged 41.

At Washington City, on Monday last, Major E. J. Wood, Quarter Master of the U. S. Marine Corps.

THE NEW-YORKER.

On the 24th day of March next, the subscribers will commence the Fifth Volume of their journal, both Folio and Quarto editions. No endeavors have thus far been spared to render it worthy the patronage and esteem of the public, and a corresponding spirit will animate our future exertions. Recent arrangements have been effected, securing an accession of talent and energy in the Editorial conduct of the work, and insuring greater variety as well as strength in this department of the enterprise. It has been deemed a lesson of experience that the union of all the branches of Editorial labor, in a work so comprehensive as ours, in the hands of a single individual—who is thus compelled to pay simultaneous and unceasing attention to Literature, Politics, Foreign Affairs, Domestic Occurrences, and every subject of interest—is not so well calculated to secure the highest efficiency in these various departments as a system which embraces a partial though not absolute division of intellectual labor. Under this conviction, the active assistance as well as counsel of a gentleman favorably known in the higher walks of Literature have been secured for the ensuing year, and that portion of the paper more especially known as Literary will be placed under his charge. The Political department, with a general supervision of the entire work, will remain with him who has hitherto been known to the public as the Editor of the work. The City and Foreign Department will devolve more especially upon Dr. ELDRIDGE, who will also lend his aid in advancing the literary reputation of the paper. It is believed that by this arrangement a more complete and effective knowledge of the subjects treated of will be insured, while a more real and palpable variety—a variety of manner as well as matter—will result to our journal and its readers.

Of the general character of The New-Yorker it is unnecessary to speak, since we do not propose to change that which it has borne from its establishment. Circulating for the last two years from 6,000 to 9,000 copies per week, through every State and city, and nearly every county, in the Union—it cannot be presumed unknown to the educated and intelligent. To those who have not hitherto made its acquaintance, it may be proper to state that it is characterized by two objects: the one, of combining the greatest practicable amount of useful and elevating information with the highest general interest; the other, of disseminating truth so far as possible divested of the jaundice of prejudice and the cant of party. In short, our motto is Impartiality, as distinguished from the support of this or that party, clique, or faction, whether in literature or politics. In conforming to this outline, great care is taken against falling into the pernicious error—more fatal than the one we oppose—of suppressing or withholding important truth because it has been made the theme of partisan conflict. In regard to literature, we shall freely express our own opinions, but accord a fair hearing to whatever may stand opposed to them. In politics, our strictures on public measures and political doctrines will evince a freedom tempered at all times by courtesy; and it will be our untiring aim to exhibit the views of all parties and sects, as set forth by their leaders and oracles. In this manner, we hope to render our journal a more lucid and perfect history of the political contests of the times than can fairly be expected from any partisan paper. A concise account of all political movements—conventions, nominations, &c.—will be given, as well as of the results of all Elections, and tables of the popular votes cast therein.—But, without entering further into particulars, we may say that we shall endeavor to publish such a journal as shall be deemed inferior in merit and scope to no weekly periodical; and we hope to render it popular without emptying into it whole Novels, Annuals and Jest-Books, and to win readers and patrons without offering them a bribe of a dozen romances as a temptation.

THE NEW-YORKER is published in two forms—the Folio, or the common newspaper form, every Saturday morning, on a large imperial sheet, at Three Dollars per annum, or Five Dollars for two copies. As a further inducement to uniting in subscriptions, five copies will be sent for Ten Dollars remitted absolutely in advance, and any larger number in proportion.

The Quarto edition is issued every Saturday evening, on a larger and finer sheet, intended expressly for binding. Each number contains sixteen large pages of three columns each, including a page of popular Music, and excluding advertisements. It forms two ample volumes of 432 pages each per annum, and is afforded at Four Dollars a year. Three copies, however, will be sent for Ten Dollars; and Five Dollars remitted free of charge will be credited eighteen months. Subscriptions are respectfully solicited.

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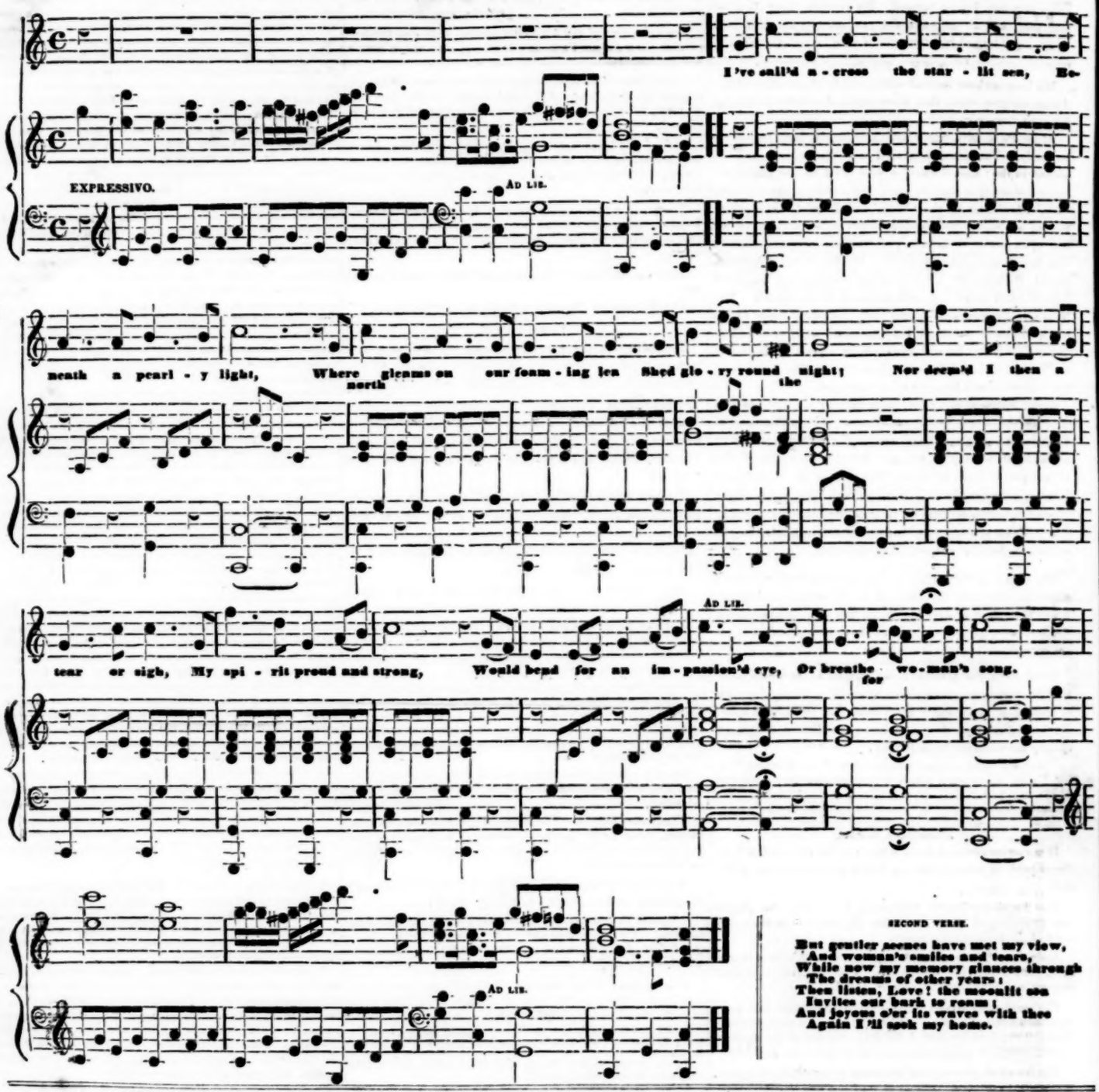
I'VE SAIL'D ACROSS THE SEA.

WRITTEN BY ROBERT GRANT, ESQ:—COMPOSED BY I. T. STODDARD.



SECOND VERSE.

But gentler scenes have met my view,
And woman's smiles and tears,
While now my memory glances through
The dreams of other years;
Then listen, Love! the moonlit sea
Invites our bark to roam;
And joyous o'er its waves with thee
Again I'll seek my home.

POETICAL EXTRACTS

FROM 'ETHEL CHURCHILL,' BY MISS LANDON.

MEMORY.

Ah, tell me not that memory
Sheds gladness o'er the past;
What is recalled by faded flowers,
Save that they did not last?
Were it not better to forget,
Than but remember and regret?

Look back upon your hours of youth—
What were your early years,
But scenes of childish cares and griefs?
And say not childish tears
Were nothing: at that time they were
More than the young heart well could bear.

Go on to riper years, and look
Upon your sunny spring;
And from the wrecks of former years
What will your memory bring?
Affections wasted, pleasures fled,
And hopes now numbered with the dead!

CHANGE OF FEELING.

Since last we met, a fairy spell
Has been from each removed;
How strange it is that those can change
Who were so much beloved!

It is a bitter thing to know
The heart's enchantment o'er;
But 'tis more bitter still to feel
It can be charmed no more!

WHAT IS LOVE?

That is love
Which chooseth from a thousand only one
To be the object of that tenderness
Natural to every heart; which can resign
Its own best happiness for one dear sake;
Can bear with absence; hath no part in hope,
For hope is somewhat selfish—love is not,
And doth prefer another to itself.

McDonald Clarke has four lines of great beauty that are well worth remembering. They run thus:

And then her little pouting lips,
Two roses on a maiden stem;
How many sad and secret trips
Will memory take to visit them?

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